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The New York Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher.

"OVER THE RIVER" AND ITS AUTHOR.

The public admiration of the beautiful lines "Over the River," first published in the *Republican* in August, 1857, and the inquiry as to their origin, have not yet ceased. We meet the little poem and the query as to where they came from, among our exchanges, almost daily; but not till now have we felt at liberty to unveil the anonymousness which it has heretofore borne. "Lizzie Lincoln," over which signature the poem was contributed to the *Republican*, is a young lady of Hinsdale, N. H., whose real name is Nancie A. W. Priest. That she has real genius, her writings sufficiently evidence; but its character and the public appreciation of it, are increased by the facts that her education has been only that of a country "district school," and that for three years past she has worked, for self-support, in "the mill," from daylight till dark. She is now, at 22 years of age, struggling against the adventitious circumstances of her position, to fit herself for a teacher. The thousand who have been touched by the high poetic expression, as well as the marked sweetness and strength of her productions, will sympathize with her yearnings and efforts, and watch the promising career with hope and interest. The mind, capable of producing "Over the River" under such circumstances, is not and should not be content with a single victory.—*Springfield Republican.*

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,
[illegible]
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue,
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold.
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see,
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carrying another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waving in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom-bark.
We felt it glide from its silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

REMINISCENCES OF BALZAC.

Few of those who ever shared the intimacy of the great man who forms the subject of this article (and their names were not legion), ever had either the courage or the patience to solve the enigma of his existence, or to sympathise with his humor, and inconceivable caprices. Such a task was calculated to demolish the most untiring perseverance, and weary the most obstinate friendship.

Of Balzac as a writer much has been said, and the ablest pens have found his pages a fruitful theme. It is comparatively easy to judge him, if not after the standard of other writers, at least to construct a standard to his measure. But before his private character, before the eccentric meanderings of his monstrous caprices, and the almost inextricable entwinement of the good with the bad in his moral composition, the biographer is tempted to cast aside his pen in despair, and leave the unwelcome task to others. The veil has been but partially torn aside, from a wholesome dread of what may lie beyond.

The friend of Balzac required a temper such as it falls rarely to the lot of mortal man to possess, to sustain him in those thankless relations, from which, after all, little was to be gained beyond the lesson of novel and, let us hope, uncommon phases of character. A triple fortification of vanity, conceit, and extravagance, kept intruders at a proper distance; and those who were, by their intercourse with him, the most capable of transmitting the record of his singularities, have, for the most part, shrunk from recalling incidents, and recounting situations, in which they have found themselves forced to play many a sorry part.

Nevertheless, undeterred by considerations of a personal nature, and regardless of the derision that would have been his lot, had he not been so fortunate as to inspire sympathy instead, one of the kindest friends of Balzac took advantage of certain mercantile relations, and managed during a period of nine years to preserve the intimacy of the great man. We shall see in the following article at what a cost of moral as well as pecuniary wear-and-tear, M. Edmond Werdet was enabled to collect the materials for the little work, recently published by him, and from which the following notice of Balzac is condensed.[*]

I.

Honoré de Balzac was born at Tours, on the sixteenth of May, 1799. His father had been an *avocat en conseil* of Louis XVI; but at the period of his marriage, subsequent to the Revolution, he was entrusted with the Commissariat Department of the 22d military division of France. His wife was the daughter of one of his superiors in office, and who was at the same time director of the Hospitals of Paris. The fruits of this marriage were four children, of whom Honoré was the eldest—two boys and two girls. His younger sister died five years after her marriage; his brother emigrated, at the age of 26, to the Colonies, where he married; his remaining sister, Laura, became Madame Surville, the wife of a distinguished civil-engineer, and it is to her that we are indebted for an admirable and affectionate remembrance of her brother, recently published.

The only peculiarity of the infancy of Balzac was his distaste for the sports of children, and an inclination to a state of revery or ecstasy, which was usually enhanced by certain unpleasant performances upon a penny-fiddle that had been given him as a plaything, and the hideous scrapings of which he considered the most angelic of all harmonies.

At the age of seven, he was sent to the College at Vendôme, where he remained until his fourteenth year, without a single vacation.

His sufferings at this establishment, constant humiliation at the hands of his comrades, and other circumstances that continually shocked his natural sensitiveness, the absence of the comforts and affections of his home, and his poverty (the fortune of his father had greatly suffered by the Revolution), are pathetically set forth in the work that they themselves suggested: *L'Histoire Intellectuelle de Louis Lambert.*

It was while at this institution, that, dreading the incessant contumely of his schoolmates, he was wont to pass his hours of recreation in hard labor, and composed a *Traité de la Volonté*, of which frequent mention is made in the *Comédie Humaine*, and the loss of which he ever afterwards deeply regretted. It was discovered and confiscated by one of his instructors.

The young scholar failed to impress his tutors with a favorable idea of his capacity and application. He acquired the reputation of a dunce. But, although careless in the fulfilment of the duties allotted to him, he was by no means idle. He was a most indefatigable reader; everything in book-shape that fell into his hands, even to dictionaries of all sorts, was eagerly devoured from preface to finis, without system, or any attempt at the classification of the knowledge so acquired. The result may easily be imagined. All the subjects of this immense study, riveted into his brain by a prodigiously retentive memory, soon produced a sort of intellectual indigestion, which manifested itself by an alarming effect upon his health, and by threatening symptoms of derangement of his reason. Therefore, at the suggestion of the director of the college, he was removed home, where cautious treatment soon dispelled this chaos of ideas, and resulted in a systematic arrangement of his newly acquired information, which proved of immense benefit to him, in after years, in the admirable painting of his *Scènes de la Vie de Province.*

Although knowledge of all sorts, theological, philosophical, and scientific, was carefully garnered up in his brain, he was lamentably ignorant of the simplest things of every-day life. As an instance, we are told that he preserved in a pot, with the most scrupulous delicacy, a *pumpkin-seed*, which he imagined to be the germ of a [illegible]norance attended him throughout his whole career, and added many a ridiculous feature to his already too eccentric character.

In 1814, M. de Balzac, Senior, having been appointed to the Commissariat Department of the first military division of France, removed with his family to Paris, and young Honoré was sent to the school of Mr. Lepitre, in the rue St. Louis, and subsequently to that of Messieurs Sgauger and Benzélin, in the rue Thoriguy au Marais, in which street the family of the young scholar then resided. In the *Lys dans la Vallée*, Balzac, in the person of Felix de Vandenesse, gives ample details of his life at these schools.

At the age of 18, he took his degree of bachelor, and followed simultaneously the lectures of the Law-School, the Sorbonne, and the College of France; and in his 20th year was admitted to the bar. His sister, Mme. Surville, informs us that notwithstanding the intensity of his study at this period, "he was a handsome, robust young man, enjoying florid health; the most unremitting application failed to fatigue him; a constant smile was on his lips; he was a noble boy, presenting the most perfect personification of happiness."

His vocation seems to have been decided by the brilliant lectures of Villemain, Guizot, Victor Cousin, and others, which he followed before his admission to the bar. From that period he obstinately refused to nourish the slightest affection for the law, and his sojourn in the offices of Messieurs Passez and Guyonnet de Merville (where among his fellow-clerks were Eugène Scribe and Jules Janin, whose distaste for their profession was as great as his) was remarkable for nothing whatever to his credit as a law-student, save perhaps the descriptions that he has left of the profession in his novel of *Un début dans la Vie*, and the animosity against lawyers generally, noticeable throughout the *Comédie Humaine.*

These sentiments, a source of much sorrow to his parents, were aggravated by the young man's announcement of his own choice of a profession—that of author. The unhappy father saw nothing before his refractory son but a future of misery, ending perhaps in starvation. Disastrous speculations had again greatly reduced the old man's small fortune, and he felt keenly the necessity of seeing his son established in some lucrative employment. But young Balzac was resolved to be an author, his father's desire to the contrary notwithstanding. His mother, imagining that a taste of poverty would not fail to reduce her son to a more reasonable way of thinking, and as, in consequence of the reduction of their fortune, they were obliged to give up their house in town, and retire to a small and more economical residence in the suburbs, caused Honoré to be installed in a garret, the choice of which was left to himself, and which was situated in the rue Lesdeguières, No. 8, where with scanty furniture, and wanting in every comfort, he was to make the trial of the life of a poor author, and vegetate on the sum of 125 francs a month. With this arrangement, Balzac found not the slightest fault; he was free at last, and contented.

He lived three years in this "aërial sepulchre," as he calls it—and of which a description is given by Raphael in the *Peau de Chagrin*—working day and night, and deriving so much pleasure from his work, that, to quote his own words, "study seemed to him the finest theme, the happiest solution of the problem of human life."

Shortly after his establishment in his "sky-parlor" he undertook to compose a tragedy, and selected Oliver Cromwell for his hero, whom, as he says in a letter to his sister, Mme. Surville, he considered "the finest example in modern history." In April, 1825, having finished his five acts, he hastened to read them to a solemn conclave of his family. The result was a dismal *fiasco*, accompanied by the assertion of Andrieux, of the College of France, who was present, that the young man did not possess the slightest germ of talent. Although not entirely concurring in the sweeping assertion of this gentleman, Balzac nevertheless relinquished all hope of earning his laurels in the dramatic field. So, putting aside his unfortunate tragedy, he turned his talents into other literary channels. In the *Peau de Chagrin*, we find the budget of his daily expenditure, and manner of subsistance, during his occupancy of the "aërial sepulchre."

> Three sous worth of bread, two of milk, and three of sausage-meat, per day, prevented me from starving to death, and kept my mind in a singular state of lucidity. My lodging cost me three sous a day; I burnt three sous worth of oil by night; I was my own chamber-maid, and wore flannel shirts, in order to reduce my washing-bill to two sous daily. I burnt coal, the price of which, divided by the days of the year, never exceeded two sous per diem. I possessed clothing, linen, and shoes, for three years' wear, but only made a decent toilette to attend certain public lectures, and the libraries. These expenses only amounted in the aggregate to eighteen sous a-day, leaving me two sous with which to meet unforeseen contingencies. I do not remember, during this long period of labor, ever having crossed the Pont des Arts,[*] or purchased a pailful of water.

At last, his mother, becoming alarmed at his declining health, and satisfied with her experiment, took him home again, where, surrounded by those comforts of which he had long been deprived, he set to work with renewed vigor, and produced a quantity of works of fiction, which he signed with a variety of pseudonyms, as: *Lord R'hone* (anagram of Honoré), *Horace de St. Aubin*; *Marquis de Vieillergué*, etc. These novels form forty duodecimo volumes, and comprise *Argos le Pirate*; *L'Albigeois*; *La Dernière Fée*; *Le Sorcier*; *L'Israélite*; *Jeanne la Pâle*; *Le Vicaire des Ardennes*; *L'Excommunié*; *L'Heritière de Biragues*; and some others.

At this period, the series of hand-books known under the name of *Manuels-Roret*, were having an immense vogue, and Balzac, desirous of helping himself along as much as possible, appeared one day in a state of lamentable seediness before Alphonse Levavasseur, the publisher, and detailed to him the idea and plan of a work, to be entitled a "*Manuel de l'homme d'affaires par un ancien principal clerc d'avoué et de notaire.*" The idea striking the publisher favorably, a contract was at once drawn up, and the sum of 200 francs paid down in advance, the manuscript to be handed in complete within a month. Balzac pocketed the money, and never wrote a line of the book. Levavasseur losing all patience, called upon the delinquent, and astonished him with the vivacity of his gestures, and the attic-salt of his dialogue. Balzac begged for more time, and in the interim, requested permission to read to the irate publisher certain portions of a composition in which he was deeply interested. Levavasseur consented, and struck with the originality of the new work, offered at once 2000 francs for the manuscript, and proposed to annul the contract for the *Manuel*. The terms were 1000 francs on the spot, the remainder to be paid on the receipt of the last corrected proof-sheet. Balzac accepted. Levavasseur waited interminable ages for the final proof-sheet. At last, in 1829, the book was published, under the title of "*La Physiologie du mariage, par un jeune célibataire.*" It created a profound sensation, and from that moment Balzac begun to see his way clear to a reputation.

The interminable sermons of his parents, and the importunities of his friends, began to convince the young author that the profession which he had adopted was not quite so lucrative as he had imagined it might become in his hands, and yielding to their reiterated counsels, he began to think of combining his literary vocation with some speculation of a purely mercantile character. His first idea was a uniform edition of the French classics, each in one volume, elegantly printed, and sold at a low price, could not fail to be highly remunerative to their publisher. He therefore undertook the speculation, and issued the works of Racine and La Fontaine, each in one volume, preceded by a historical and literary introduction from his own pen: price 5 francs. The enterprise was a failure. The confraternity of booksellers and publishers regarding the young man as an intruder, neglected to urge the sale of his publications, and by depreciating them in every possible way, finally consigned them to the bookstalls of the quays. The small capital that had been embarked in this disastrous affair, was irrecoverably swallowed up; and from that period date the innumerable debts that were Balzac's torment throughout his whole life.

After this failure he resolved to try the profession of printer; and his mother, rejoiced at finding her son disposed to follow a substantial calling, placed the sum of 30,000 francs at his disposal.

Entirely ignorant of the typographical profession, he associated himself with one Barbier, a sober, intelligent compositor, as ignorant on his side of the mechanism of trade as his young partner was of type-setting. The printing-office of Balzac & Co., in the rue du Marcies St. Germain, was a highly ephemeral institution. After a very short career, finding themselves on their last legs, so to speak, they thought to recuperate their debilitated forces by the addition to their printing-office of a type-foundry, which was for sale at a low price. They purchased the foundry first, and reflected afterwards. Being on the verge of bankruptcy, they managed, however, to avert the calamity by selling out to a friend, at a great pecuniary loss. Mme. de Balzac furnished the money necessary to supply their deficiencies, and young Balzac found himself, at the age of 29, in debt (to his mother, 'tis true) to the amount of 50,000 francs.

Thrown again upon his own literary resources, he set to work with immense energy. *Les Chouans*, *Catherine de Médicis*, and *La Physiologie du Mariage*, at last attracted public attention, and the reviews began to take him up. In the space of three years, from 1829 to 1832, independently of the works abovementioned, he wrote *Le Médecin de Campagne*, *La Femme de Trente ans*, *Eugénie Grandet*, *l'Histoire des Treize*, and *La Peau de Chagrin*.

It was in 1831 that he conceived the idea of collecting all that he had written in series, and publishing them in 12 vols. 8vo. under the title of *Études des Mœurs du XIX. siècle*, comprising the *Scènes de la vie de Province*, *Scènes de la Vie Privée*, and *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*. From this idea to that of the comprehensive title of *La Comédie Humaine*, there was but a step. The complete works of Balzac now bear that single appellation.

II.

It now becomes necessary to revert to the relations that existed between Balzac and his publisher, M. Werdet, the narrative of which is the substance of the book before us.

M. Werdet having been engaged for some years in the book-publishing business, discovered upon figuring up his accounts, that a net profit of nothing at all, was the sole reward of his hard labors. Being fortunately free from debt, he wound up his affairs, and sought for some more profitable employment. Receiving an advantageous offer from the publishing house of Madame Veuve Béchet, he entered that establishment as managing clerk, with an interest. He soon discovered that the firm was in peril, and that active measures must be resorted to, in order to clear off the embarrassments in which the business was involved. He therefore advised Madame Béchet to undertake the publication of new works, the profits on which might be sufficiently great to cover the losses sustained upon the old standard authors. He earnestly recommended having recourse to the *young literature*, as it was called, and which at that period was making a certain sensation. Having read the [illegible] works which Balzac had at that time written, and [illegible] in them, if not absolute genius, at least an encouraging promise of it, he ventured to [illegible] of the obscure author; and by dint of [illegible] persuasion, finally obtained the authorisation of Madame Béchet to make him an offer.

He therefore waited upon Balzac, to whom he was a total stranger, and stated that he was empowered, by a large and influential house, to treat with him for the purchase of one or more works; and that, according to the importance of the manuscripts that might be placed at his disposal, he was authorised to offer ten, fifteen, twenty thousand francs, or even more.

Balzac was astonished at this magnificent offer; and after a month spent in negotiations, M. Werdet purchased of him in the name of Madame Veuve Béchet, the right to print and to publish 2,000 copies of the *Études de Mœurs*, in 12 vols. 8vo.; for which right the sum of 36,000 francs was paid.

In the Spring of 1836, M. Werdet withdrew from the house of M'me Béchet, and resolved to employ the few thousand francs which he had economised, in publishing on his own responsibility. He at once thought of Balzac, and determined to start with a work from his pen. The author was quite willing to write anything, for anybody, but he required to be previously enlightened as to the pecuniary resources of those who solicited the honor of being his publishers. Therefore, when M. Werdet drew from his pocket six banknotes of 500 francs each—his whole fortune—and had the audacity to propose them in exchange for a manuscript, Balzac laughed in his face. "I admire," cried he, "your candid confidence. How could it ever have entered your head that I—I—de Balzac, who but a short time ago sold to you, in the name of M'me Béchet, my *Études de Mœurs* for 36,000 francs; I—whose coöperation in the *Rêvue de Paris*, is regularly paid by Bulos, at the rate of [illegible] francs a-sheet—how could you imagine, I say, that I could so far forget myself, as to deliver over to you, for three miserable thousand francs, a novel of any sort, emanating from my pen!" All attempts at argument were in vain, and M. Werdet quitted *the presence* in disgust.

After a few days, however, he received a very polite note from Balzac, requesting him to call at his earliest convenience. The scene of the previous interview was a bit of comedy improvised by the author in order to make better terms. So when he found he had made a fool of himself without any beneficial results, he was glad enough to reconsider the offer. M. Werdet went, and effected the purchase of a privilege to reprint *Le Médecin de Campagne*. The issuing of a second edition was at this time a matter of considerable risk to a publisher—nevertheless, thanks to his energetic and skilful management, M. Werdet was enabled to work off his second edition in less than a week.

One of Balzac's whims, was to have one sole publisher, and he found in Werdet the very man to humor his caprice; the difficulty lay in buying out the interests of other publishers, six in number, among whom his works were thus distributed:

Les Chouans—Charles Vimont.
Le Père Goriot—Spachmann.
La Physiologie du Mariage—Levavasseur.
Les Contes Drolatiques; *La Peau de Chagrin*; *Les Contes Philosophiques*, and *Louis Lambert*—Gosselin.
Les Études de Mœurs—M'me Béchet.
Séraphita and *Le Lys dans la Vallée*—Bulos, in the Rêvue de Paris.

Balzac urged this upon Werdet, with the following argument: "Walter Scott had but one publisher. [illegible] be to me, what Archibald Constable was to [illegible] negotiations were finally crowned with success, and M. Werdet became the sole publisher of Balzac.

III.

If an author ever had it in his power to render a compositor hopelessly insane by illegible manuscript, Balzac was possessed of all the requirements necessary for that end. We have no record of the demise of any type-setter, by the visitation of Balzac's copy; but this only proves to us their vital tenacity, equalled only by that of donkeys and postboys. The manner in which he prepared his works for the press, is sufficiently curious to be recorded here.

Before writing the first line of a book, he arranged the entire matter in his head, subject, plan, episodes, and effects; he fixed upon the locality of his scene, described it minutely, and disposed it with singular tact in his brain; he drew the physiognomy of all his characters in his imagination, and endowed them with their distinctive peculiarities; his fancy invested them with striking forms, grouped them artistically, arranged even to the minutiæ of costume—all this before taking pen in hand.

When he sat down to the transcription of this mental labor, his crow-quill flew rapidly over the paper, which it rarely quitted until it had arrived at the end of the book. This however was not the work complete; it was rather an elaborated sketch, a sort of groundwork upon which he executed the most laborious embroidery of corrections and additions that it is possible to conceive of. Chapters were constantly changing places, some entirely suppressed, others written in to supply their deficiency; such a one prepared for the end of the book, was promoted to the beginning, or the contrary; new portions had to be inserted in order to weave these new elements intelligibly together. In this extraordinary labor, the sheets became a sort of pack of cards which Balzac was constantly shuffling.

After a series of manipulations of this nature, the copy was finally handed in to the printer, who succeeded in setting it up after long and tedious deciphering, in comparison with which, the researches of Champollion were but the mildest of pastimes. Clean proofs, carefully corrected by the reader of the office, not yet made up into pages, but printed in columns upon large sheets of sized paper, were then sent to the author. Unlike most writers, who consider this state of things indicative of progress in publication, Balzac merely regarded it as a suggestion to begin his work over again. He therefore entirely rewrote his book upon his proof-sheet, by inserting new phrases between the printed lines, expanding one chapter into three or four, filling the margins with additions, and covering the entire sheet with a network of zigzag lines, as pointers to the marginal notes; all of which rendered the unravelment of this chaos a more severe task to the printer than the setting up of two or three entirely new books.

This being at last properly deciphered, a revise was sent, this time made up into pages, and after several series of new corrections, not unfrequently resulting in the complete suppression of the original conception, and the expansion of some new idea, foreign to the first proofs, the book at last saw the light.

These peculiarities rendered Balzac the bugbear of the printing office, and compositors have been frequently heard to exclaim: "I have done my hour of Balzac; who will take his copy?"

IV.

The history of *Seraphita* is rather curious, and will serve as an illustration of the slipshod manner in which Balzac was wont to fulfil his contracts with his publishers.

The first chapters of this singular work appeared towards the end of 1834, in the *Rêvue de Paris*, and excited astonishment rather than admiration. The extreme mysticism and eccentric reveries with which the book was filled, gave the author a great deal of trouble, and the difficulties that presented themselves in the expansion of his original conception, discouraged him to such an extent as at times to interrupt the regular issue of the work. Bulos complained bitterly of these delays, and reverted to *Seraphita* in terms far from complimentary to its author. Balzac, irritated, refused to complete it for Bulos, and consequently Werdet was induced to purchase the right to issue it in book-form, paying therefore to the *Rêvue de Paris* their bill for the printing-expenses incurred in its publication in that magazine, and to Balzac the amount he demanded as his right of authorship. The author pledged his honor to finish the work at once for Werdet, and asserts the fact in his *Introduction Historique au Lys dans la Vallée* in the following terms:—"M. Werdet paid for and published *Le Livre Mystique* in the week which followed the date of the receipt given by the *Rêvue de Paris* for 300 francs, being the amount of the printing expenses on *Seraphita*. The date of this receipt was November 21st, and the publication of the *Livre Mystique* took place on the 2d of December, eleven days after the receipt of the last corrected proof of *Seraphita*. All of which proves that I could not have opposed any serious obstacles to the striking off of the book, and that at that time the end of *Seraphita* was ready for the *Rêvue de Paris.*"

This statement is fundamentally erroneous. It is true that Werdet's receipt from the *Rêvue de Paris* was dated Nov. 21st, 1834, but the book was not published until the 2d of December, 1835, just one year after the date of the contract in which the author pledged himself to finish the work in less than a week, namely on the 26th of November, 1834.

What was Balzac about, all this while? Werdet had been waiting patiently for nine months, for the end of *Seraphita*, when Balzac suddenly appeared before him, and announced his intention of seeking repose and distraction in travel. In vain did Werdet plead his own cause, pour out his eloquence upon the subject of the lacking copy, and a myriad of other heart rending circumstances. The pitiless author closed his ears to these pathetic appeals, and Werdet, knowing from sad experience that unless he was humored, he would not write a line more of the long promised book, finally gave his consent to the journey. This consent consisted in disbursing to Balzac the sum of two thousand francs, in return for which he received the promise of not only the conclusion of *Seraphita*, but also of an entirely new manuscript to be called the *Memoires de deux Jeunes Mariées*. Balzac hired a post-chaise and was off to Vienna in a twinkling.

After an absence of eighteen days, he wrote from that capital that he had finished *Seraphita*, and that he was occupied with the last pages of the *Mémoires de deux Jeunes Mariées*, and that in a fortnight Werdet might expect him in Paris, freighted with his precious manuscripts. This epistle was decorated with a postscript, conveying the refreshing intelligence, that his correspondent had received of Messrs. Rothschild fifteen hundred francs, and had given in return a draft on him (Werdet) for that amount. The victimized publisher, much to his inconvenience, was obliged to honor the draft. Faithful to his word, Balzac arrived at the time appointed from Vienna; but what was Werdet's consternation on finding that not a line of either of the books had been committed to paper!

For a month the author did absolutely nothing, and his publisher was beginning to fall into the depths of despair, when finally, his tormentor, taking one of his sudden and characteristic starts, ordered a cot-bed to be fitted up in the printing office, and night and day, in the midst of the printers, who set up his copy as fast as he wrote it, he at last added the finishing touches to *Seraphita*. The book was highly successful, and twenty days after its publication M. Werdet found himself consoled him for his previous tribulations.

The following year, 1836, a similar incident occurred with regard to a novel called *Sœur Marie des Anges*. One day Balzac invited himself to dine with Werdet, and *entre la poire et le fromage*, as they say, he begged his friend to lend him 500 francs. He intended, he said, to retire to La Boulonnière on the road to Némours, and there in the solitude of the country he would execute *Sœur Marie des Anges*, which he had already promised Werdet three years before. A fortnight was the time agreed upon for the delivery of the manuscript complete. Werdet disbursed the 500 francs, and away went Balzac. At the end of the fortnight he sent word that *Sœur Marie des Anges* was completed, but that he feared to trust it by the diligence. He therefore begged Werdet to go himself and receive it, stating that it was his intention to remain in the country a short time longer. The publisher, overjoyed at the punctuality of his author, took the diligence and after a tedious ride of twenty-four hours, arrived at his destination. On inquiring for his manuscript, Balzac laughed in his face. He had not written a line! He considered the whole affair a capital practical joke; and although it had been paid for long in advance, M. Werdet never received the first page of *Sœur Marie des Anges.*

V.

The limits of this article will not permit us to enter into further details of the various transactions of Balzac with his publishers. We have presented one or two examples as sufficiently characteristic. Let us merely add that after a while M. Werdet was obliged to break off his relations with the author, unable as he was to support all those peculiarities, which almost invariably turned out to his detriment in one way or another. In spite of his admiration and friendship for Balzac, he found that his own interest suffered sadly, and he was only too glad to avail himself of a misunderstanding in order to transfer his interest as publisher to a M. Béthune; which transaction was effected in consideration of the sum of 68,300 francs.

We do not intend to indite an elaborate appreciation of the character of Balzac. We prefer that the reader should take that trouble upon himself; but in order that he may have some few data to guide him in his judgment, we will select for him a few anecdotes and incidents, and having seen them safe within his hands, will humbly make our bow.

One day in the drawingroom of Madame Sophie Gay, Balzac mentioned the fact of his having presented a beautiful white horse to his friend Jules Sandeau. He described the animal in the most minute manner, enlarged upon his qualities, the purity of his race, his points, and related many charming anecdotes of his wonderful sagacity, with that brilliancy of narrative and animation of manner, that rendered his conversation so sparkling and attractive. He even went so far as to give in Baucher's own words, that famous horseman's eulogy of the unique quadruped. Shortly after Jules Sandeau, in the same saloon, was the subject of countless congratulations, at which he was highly astonished, especially as no horse had ever been offered to him, by anybody. Balzac coming up in a few minutes, inquired of Sandeau with the utmost coolness if he was pleased with the gift he had sent him. Sandeau, who knew the peculiarities of his friend, at once replied in the affirmative, and lauded in the highest terms the magnificent courser. As nobody ever took the trouble to undeceive him, Balzac, to the day of his death, was firmly convinced that he had presented a beautiful white horse to Jules Sandeau.

He was constantly boasting of his descent from the noble house of d'Entragues (although there was no foundation for this assumption), whose arms were emblasoned upon his coach-panels, and shone in gold and colors upon his book-covers, and in fact upon everything, to which they could not be a positive disfigurement. He was very punctilious upon the subject of the respect due to his rank, and extremely haughty with those who were unable to exhibit as many quarterings as himself. His friends, familiar with his idiosyncracies, were accustomed to humor his caprices; but upon one occasion, he was terribly snubbed, and by no less a personage than the Emperor of Russia himself. M. Philarète Chasles, in the *Dictionnaire de la Conversation*, relates the anecdote in the following terms: "After the appearance of M. de Custine's work on Russia, it was stated that the Czar earnestly desired the pen of a French author capable of defending his empire and his throne from the imputations of the marquis. Balzac, if we are to credit the *Augsburg Gazette*, took a post-chaise, started for St. Petersburg, and on his arrival in that capital addressed to the Emperor a note couched in the following terms: 'M. de Balzac the writer, and M. de Balzac the nobleman, solicit of his Majesty the favor of a private audience.' The next day according to the same *Gazette*, an equerry of the Czar handed to Balzac the following note: 'M. de Balzac the nobleman, and M. de Balzac the writer, are invited to hire a post-chaise at their earliest convenience.' Upon which Balzac deemed it prudent to leave.

He held all his inferiors in the utmost contempt, and frequently treated them in the most brutal manner. A party, comprising among others, Balzac, Alphonse Karr, Jules Sandeau, and a young author of talent, Jules Bergounioux, were one day dining with M. Werdet, when the conversation turned upon copyright, and the piracy of French works in Belgium. The subject had been generally discussed, when Bergounioux remarked with some indignation: "Yes, gentlemen, all of *us*, *men of letters*, should unite in addressing to the King, a statement of our grievances," etc., etc. Balzac waited until he had finished, and then cried out: "*You*, sir, *you* a man of letters! What assumption! *You* dare to compare yourself with us! You forget, sir, that you have the honor to be seated with the *marshals of modern literature!*" For these offensive remarks, he was severely reprimanded by his companions, who had the utmost difficulty in preventing a serious collision between the young author and his brutal interlocutor.

Balzac's *cane* was for a long time an object of wonder to all Paris, and Madame de Girardin has made it the subject of one of her charming stories. The circumstances connected with it were simply these:—Balzac was incarcerated in the celebrated "*Hôtel des Haricots*," the name given to the prison in which members of the National Guard are confined for infringements of the regulations of the service. One evening while supping with some friends, he received a package containing an enormous lock of beautiful blonde hair, evidently the entire capillary ornament of some fair female. This was confined by a gold ring, garnished with an emerald of considerable value. A scrap of perfumed tinted paper accompanied the gift, and bore the English words: "*An Unknown Friend.*" After much reflection, Balzac resolved to have made a splendid cane, the head of which, set around with precious stones, should be hollow, and contain the lock of hair in question. The order was given and executed, and the cane, which was huge as that of a drum-major's, soon became as familiar to the Parisians as the tower of Notre Dame. As to the "Unknown Friend," no clue was ever discovered to her identity.

Deeming the magnificence of this work of art little in keeping with his manner of living, Balzac at once proceeded to elevate himself to a position commensurate with the importance of his precious staff. He accordingly hired a beautiful coupé for 500 francs a-month, ordered a gorgeous livery for his coachman, and engaged a homuncule for groom, whom, on account of the exiguity of his proportions, he christened Millet-Seed. He also had his box at the opera, and at once

He had three styles of dress: his working costume, his street dress, and his grand toilette. The former consisted of the white robe of a Dominican friar, made of cachemire for Summer wear, and of very fine flannel for the cold weather, pantaloons of the same material, and slippers of the choicest red morocco, richly embroidered with gold thread. His robe was confined at the waist by a Venetian gold chain, from which hung a rich gold paper-folder and a pair of scissors of the same precious metal. His street dress was slovenly in the extreme; an old dark brown surtout, buttoned up to the chin, and variegated with ancient adipose designs; black pantaloons, that barely covered his ancles, disclosing coarse blue yarn-stockings, and thick shoes, virgin of strings or of Day & Martin; a rope of green and red merino twisted about his neck for a cravat, and a venerable felt hat, with low crown and broad brim. His grand toilette consisted of a dark blue coat, with buttons of pure gold, black pantaloons of elegant cut, white waistcoat, black silk open-worked stockings, linen of excessive fineness and irreproachably white, straw-colored kid gloves, and a good felt hat.

When the working fit was upon him, he not unfrequently shut himself up during entire months, laboring incessantly eighteen hours a day, and practising the abstinence of an anchorite. His diet comprised a cup of black coffee without sugar, at eight, after his bath. At twelve, boiled eggs and another cup of black coffee. At six, a very light dinner, with a small glass of Vouvray wine, of which he was very fond. He retired to bed at eight, after a mere mouthful of supper, but invariably rose to begin his day at two o'clock in the morning.

But his work once completed, he eschewed abstemiousness, and allowed his natural appetite full sway. On one occasion, while dining at Véry's with M. Werdet (who, let us add in parenthesis, was obliged to pay the bill, as he usually did on such occasions), Balzac alone consumed the following bill of fare: One hundred Ostend oysters, twelve broiled mutton chops, a duck *aux navets*, a brace of roast partridges, a fried sole, not to mention in detail the *hors-d'œuvre* and incidental dishes, such as pastry or fruit, of which a dozen large pears disappeared in his capacious maw; cake, wine, and liqueurs. Of this enormous dinner, not an eatable fragment nor a drinkable dreg remained.

His imagination was constantly giving birth to the most extravagant projects for his own aggrandizement by speculation. He had a mania for organizing joint stock companies for the exploitation of his favorite schemes. He was a sort of splendid Montague Tigg in theory, though luckily he never received sufficient encouragement to enable him to put his theories into practice. He fancied at one time that he had discovered a new substitute for rags that was sure to revolutionise the manufacture of paper; on another occasion he asked of the Sardinian Government the permission to work certain mines which he believed to exist there, from the fact of his having detected traces of metal in some brickbats which he had brought away with him after a journey to that island. He possessed a ring which he believed to have once ornamented the digit of Mahomet, and endeavored to persuade his friends to join him in offering to the Great Mogul the precious relic, in return for which that potentate could not fail to load him with wealth, and thrust no end of honors upon him. Finally, who has not heard of his famous grocery-scheme? He called it a "sublime idea" by which he was sure of netting 600,000 francs in a month. He was to hire a shop upon the Boulevard des Italiens, stock it well with groceries, and put up a huge sign, bearing in gilt letters, the words: "HONORÉ DE BALZAC, GROCER." The affair could not fail to create an immense sensation. Everybody would flock to witness the great author dealing out prunes by the quart, and tea by the pound. He calculated the number of persons that passed daily along the Boulevard, and allowing that each person spent one sou for the satisfaction of his curiosity, the speculation could not fail to be highly remunerative. Luckily, however, his sublime idea was never carried into effect.

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[*] PORTRAITURE DE BALZAC, SA VIE, SON HUMEUR ET SON CARACTÈRE PAR EDMOND WERDET, SON ANCIEN LIBRAIRE-ÉDITEUR. 1 vol., 12mo. E. Dentu. Paris. 1859.

[*] Formerly a toll-bridge.

These incidents will suffice to show what manner of man BALZAC was. We have been obliged to omit many other circumstances of interest, among which was the unsuccessful speculation of the *Chronique de Paris*, which ruined all those who had a hand in it. Neither will we enlarge upon his dramatic career, which was not undertaken (if we except his boyish essay of "Cromwell") until the latter years of his life. We will merely state that his first piece, "*Vautrin*," was performed one night at the Porte St. Martin on the 14th of March, 1840. The actor who played the principal part having had the unfortunate idea to "make up" like the King, Louis Philippe, the further performance of the piece was officially interdicted. At the Odéon, the *Ressources de Quinola*, and *Mercadet* at the Comédie Française, were highly successful. This latter piece has been rendered familiar to American and English theatre-goers by Mr. Charles Matthew's performance, in the translation: "A Game of Speculation."

In 1850, BALZAC married a woman whom he had loved for fifteen years, their acquaintance dating from his journey to Vienna in 1835. At that early date the lady was married, but becoming finally a widow, she accepted the hand of BALZAC, who, alas! had but a few short months to enjoy that happiness, for which, during so many long years, his heart had been constantly yearning. The lady was the Countess Eve de Hanska. During his short honeymoon, he suffered severely from an aneurism, which terminated fatally on the 18th of August, 1850. His death was the signal for general mourning, and his remains were followed to their last resting place by an immense multitude, in which all who were celebrated in the republic of letters, as well as in official positions, were present to pay their sad homage to the memory of one of the greatest geniuses their country ever produced. M. Baroche, the Minister of the Interior, and Messieurs Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and Francis Wey, were pall-bearers; and the Institute, the University, the Society of Men of Letters, that of Dramatic Authors, and the Schools of Law and of Medicine, were largely represented in the cortège. M. Victor Hugo pronounced an affecting discourse at the grave; the sod was patted down, and HONORE DE BALZAC was left to slumber by the side of his friends Charles Nodier and Casimir Delavigne.

In person, BALZAC was short, fat, and ungainly, with a large head, and long, uncombed, iron-gray hair. His face was broad, rosy, jovial, and monkish: his mouth large, and laughing, beneath a pair of thick moustaches: his features would have appeared vulgar, had they not been relieved by the extraordinary fire of his small black eyes, which added to his countenance all the animation it lacked in itself.

His conversational powers were inconceivable. He entranced his listeners by a magnetism of manner, and a vivacity, a sparkle of dialogue, that was inimitable. He himself, seemed on such occasions to be under a strange influence, which became rapidly contagious, and held each listener spell-bound. This, however, only manifested itself in private circles, and when he was surrounded by his intimate friends. In larger réunions he was quite a different person. He was heavy in diction, and massive in manner; he fell to the level of the most ordinary talker, and his conversation was trivial in the extreme, not unfrequently coarse.

His industry, notwithstanding his numerous irregularities, was surprising. If we sum up the list of his works, we find that, from 1827 to 1848, ninety-seven different books, comprising over 10,800 close-printed pages, issued from his pen. All this, together with his proof-reading, and the laborious corrections alluded to above, he accomplished alone, never in his life having employed either an amanuensis, or a proof-corrector. In *each* of the years 1830 and 1832, he published eleven new works, which, with the eight that he issued in 1831, amount to thirty original novels in the short space of three years.

And now we lay down our pen, lest some of our readers be tempted to exclaim with Martial:

> "Jam lector queriturque deficitque;
> Jam librarius hoc et ipse dicit:
> 'Ohe! jam satis est; ohe! libelle!'"

To the Editor of the Saturday Press:—

SIR:—The drinking-cup exhibited to the Numismatic Society, and described in your paper of the 12th inst., was formerly (1838) in my possession. It was purchased with three others by an English Baronet, whose travels in Norway, Lapland, and Sweden, are published in 4to., and may be seen at the Astor Library. The title of the book is, *Arthur de Capel Brooke's Travels in Lapland and Sweden.* They are Northern drinking goblets, and are called Skael (health) cups; they were of different shapes, and sizes. I sold the one alluded to in your paper for about $200. They are very rare now in Sweden and Norway, and but very few of them had ever been seen in England before those I mention were carried there, with other Scandanavian curiosities. I had also for sale the celebrated album kept at the Falls of Trollhattan in Sweden, containing some thousands of autographs and manuscript notes and remarks of distinguished travellers of all nations in various languages; it was finely preserved, and contained nearly 600 pages of MSS., also, Count Dahlberg's *Suecia Antiqua.*

Your obedient servant, H. RODD.

656 Sixth Avenue, New York.

— The Longmans (London) have just published the third volume of Bunsen's "Ancient Egypt." In the preface the author briefly states the grounds for his conclusion that Egypt was inhabited by men who made use of pottery about eleven thousand years before the Christian era. But the most novel and interesting portion of this volume is the Zoroastrian traditions, and emigration of the Arians, as contained in the first chapter of the Vendidad, and the bearing of the Arian migrations upon the age of the world.

— A London publisher (Fennell) advertises exact fac-similes of "Seven Curious Old Newspapers, published between the years 1646 and 1679, announcing the Execution of Charles the First, the Death and Funeral of Oliver Cromwell, the Great Fire of London, with interesting notices of Nell Gwynne, Dryden, Bunyan, the Intrigues of the Court of Charles the Second, Extraordinary Occurrences in various Counties, with very droll and interesting Advertisements.

— The nephew of the great John Philpot Curran is at present, and has been for some time, an inmate of a workhouse in his native county of Cork.

— The *Edinburgh Review*, referring to the collection of books published in the United States now in the British Museum, states that the number exceeds 30,000; more than double the extent of any similar collection in the United States, and that in a few years a great portion of this collection will be unique, that is to say, the British Museum will be the chief depository of the literature of the United States.

— Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, London, announce, among their new publications, *Memoirs of the Court of George the Fourth*, from original Family Documents, by the Duke of Buckingham, in 2 vols.; a new novel, entitled *Creeds*, by the Author of *The Morals of May Fair*; and new works by the Author of *John Halifax*, Mr. John Hannay, and the Author of *The Discipline of Life*.

— It is reported that the *Spectator* has been bought by Mr. Thornton Hunt, late the editor of the *Leader*. However this may be, his father, Mr. Leigh Hunt, has commenced a series of gossipy papers in it under the general title of *The Occasional*, the first of which is mainly occupied with speculations on the Prince of Wales' visit to Rome. These papers are being reprinted in *The Century* (a weekly paper published in this city), but without credit.

— Mr. Parton's researches in Nashville for materials for his biography of Jackson, are, says the *Banner*, very successful. In two or three days he discovered such a mass of matter that the mere copying involved an expenditure of one hundred and fifty dollars.

— The work of M. Michael Chevalier, the French economist, "On the Fall in the Value of Gold, and its Consequences, Commercially and Socially," is being translated and edited by Mr. Cobden.

Original Poetry.

IS IT LOVE?

An After Dinner Song.

BY R. G. SHEPHERD.

There's a lady in the land,
With a fair and slender hand,
Whom I will not say I love,
Lest I dare your smile of scorn:
But as gentle as the dove,
And as pure as flower new born,
Is this lady of my song,
The lady for whose smile I long.

Wavy tresses, dark as night;
Eyes, within whose liquid light
All my fainting soul I lose;
And my eager, thirsty lips,
Though her frown the bliss refuse,
Drink kisses from her finger-tips.
Yet, alas! I know not well
If love it be —— ah, who can tell!

Feb 17, 1859.

A FRAGMENT.

BY ABBY H. PRICE.

There comes a soft and rosy light
From mystic chambers of the past,
Of glowing love and friendship bright,
That erst their sacred halos cast.

We know fond hearts were once our own—
Sweet wanderers from celestial bowers—
And brilliant hopes were gaily strown,
Like dew-drops o'er fragrant flowers.

We see afar their bright wings gleam
As radiant birds in distant sky;
We see them scattered on life's streams
As faded leaves in Autumn lie.

Are all these gone? Our treasures lost!
Our joys but visions of the past;
Our bark on billowy waters tost,
To be on deserts wrecked at last!

Faith answers no! for passing scenes
Are shadows only of the *true*;
The vail of doubt that intervenes
Hides the bright real from our view.

Within the darkest pools of crime
The richest blooms have deepest root;
Through Wintry blast—o'er stinging time—
Love learns to tread with lightest foot.

Though forms we love may pass away,
Friends seem to change and hope to die;
Though darkness ends the brightest day,
And happiest moments soonest fly.

Darkness is good to vail the light,
Change shows us God in higher forms;
Blindness gives birth to inner sight,
And virtue strengthens 'mid the storms.

"SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR!"

BY MRS. M. J. M. SWEAT.

Why comest thou in dreams to paint anew
Thine image on my heart;
To gild afresh each worn and faded hue
With thine own magic art?

Why give the glory of old days to Night,
When, at the touch of Morn,
My prayers are powerless to delay thy flight,
In vain I curse the dawn.

Why bless the hours, when I am wrapt in sleep,
To make the day more lone,—
Why seem such tears of penitence to weep,
To turn again to stone?

Could'st thou but know the welcome my heart gives,
In spite of all my wrongs,
And see the yearning love that in me lives,
And still to thee belongs!

One word of tender pleading from thy lips,
Would rend these clouds away;
Would clear the heavens—break the long eclipse,
And give us back the day.

If I must shut thee from my heart and life,
O haunt my dreams no more!
Why seek forever to renew the strife
For a reward so poor?

But if thou lovest, as in days of old,
Let all the treason of thy past be told,
Nor stoop again to flight.

Come not thus stealthily to mock my rest
With promise sweet and fair,
Or be once more my heart's most honored guest,
And thine old glory wear!

Such nights of joy, such bitter days as this,
Would make a hell of heaven:
Bring me no tempting prophecy of bliss,
Or—yield and be forgiven!

BROKEN HEARTED.

Gravestones tell lies, and mounds of earth declare,
Not that the dead lie buried there—
For that cold heart, whose hope has long since died,
Has cheated death, the grave itself defied—
Has robed itself in pall of deathless gloom—
Made life despair, and its own breast its tomb.

No sculptured slab, with Pharisaic pride,
Tells how or where or when love's phantom died.
No willows weep, no flowers mark the place
Where hope, expiring, ceased the weary race.
No tear shall dim the eye with fond regrets,
Which boast to-day, and yet to-day forgets.
No hired mourners, craped to fashion's eye,
Shall mock my memory with their sacred lie.

E. S.

MY POETS.—A FRAGMENT.

HORACE.

When cares desert my breast, and I can seize
An hour at noon to spend in dreamful ease,
I'll lie with Flaccus down
Beneath the vine-clad elm that shades the spring,
There stretch'd upon the velvet turf to fling
Around my brows a crown
Of tender parsley, or of myrtle leaves,
And sip the modest Sabine while he weaves
Some sweet, eternal ode.
The sun beats hotly down from the blue sky,
But we, beneath the jagged branches lie,
In this cool, still abode,
Silent as Eden ere the Maker's word
Bade Adam be, save the low rustling heard
When the faint Western breeze
Sweeps the transparent leaves of elm and vine,
And, dying, spends itself in yonder line
Of green-gray olive trees.
This, and the fitful murmur of the stream,
Alone disturb the garden's midday dream,
Until the poet wakes
From deep communings with his shrouded muse;
Then, raised upon my bended arm, I lose
No accent, while he breaks
Forth in an overwhelming flood of song—
Now joyously ascending, clear and long;
Now gentle, low, and sweet,
The wondrous melody bursts from his breast.
He sings the happiness of him who, blest
With moderate wealth, can greet,
From every care absolved, each coming day,
And pass, on his paternal glebe, away
The drowsy tide of years.
The creeping vine he trains, and prunes the fig,
Now grafts a hardier stock, now trims a twig,
Or, when the herd appears,
Returning, lowing, from its distant field,
Presses the swelling udder, glad to yield
Its rich and streaming charge;
Or takes the luscious honey from the hives,
Or in the golden Autumn gladly strives,
With offerings sweet and large,
To please the God from whom his blessings flow.
——Thus Horace sings; and now the noble glow
On cheek and forehead fades;
His voice has sunk; the quivering lyre is still;
Again we hear no sound save wind and rill.
Sudden a flash invades
The dreamy quiet of his half-closed eyes;
Transfigured, glorified, I see him rise
And slowly take the lyre.
Then peals the hymn of triumph in his name;
More durable than bronze shall be my fame,
A structure vast, and higher
Than the huge pyramidal tombs of Kings;
Untouch'd by change, unshadow'd by Time's wings,
My verses shall pass down
And live through coming ages while Rome stands.
Goddess! I claim the laurel at thine hands,
My brows await the crown!

—W. S. F. MAYER.

CHESS.

Replies and Remarks.

— Can anybody guess in what journal the first Chess column appeared? Would anybody imagine that the earliest serial which gave weekly instalments of Chess was the *Lancet*, of London? But so it was. That now celebrated medical hebdomadal was commenced in 1823. In the third number of the first volume (Oct. 19th, 1823), we find a long article on the origin of the game. In the sixth number of the same volume, a regular Chess department was begun, limited however to a selection of problems, and now and then some literary matter. It was continued through the seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, twelfth, and thirteenth numbers of volume I., and the first, third, and thirteenth numbers of volume II. The editor displayed a large acquaintance with Chess history and Chess writers, and must have been a man of some note in the Caissan circles of the day. In an early issue he states that Sir Astley Cooper, the famous surgeon, had recommended the study of Chess to medical students, and also informs us that he "unites to his great professional and general knowledge, a very considerable degree of excellence in that scientific game." The problems were not on diagrams. We are glad to rescue this bit of literary history from oblivion, for it has been generally supposed that *Bell's Life* was the first paper to devote a portion of its space to Chess.

— We are under obligations to the ingenuity and kindness of *J. A. P.* for this week's stratagem.

— A Chess column of an excellent character has been commenced in the Charleston *Courier*.

— Mr. Morphy will positively arrive in this city in April. We hope, therefore, that those gentlemen who form the committee on the Morphy Testimonial will hasten their preparations to receive him properly. Few persons during the past year have reflected so much credit upon the country, and we should welcome him as the hero of a thousand battles ought to be welcomed.

— In the *Wit's Interpreter* (London, 1662), a stale-mate is thus defined: "A stale may be termed a monstrous mate, mate, and no mate, an end of play, yet no end of the game, because this game should end in a check-mate."

— A pleasant book for the beginner is *The Chess Player's Instructor*, by Mr. C. H. STANLEY, just published by De Witt, of New York. We trust that it will meet with a large sale.

— We commend to the attention of our friend *Tyro* and others these pretty two-move Problems:

I. BY AN AMATEUR.

WHITE.—K a1, Q f2, Kts e7 and g7, P c2.
BLACK.—K e4.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

II. BY KLING.

WHITE.—K g4, Q a8, R a6, P g5.
BLACK.—K h7, B g1, P a7.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

III. BY AN AMATEUR.

WHITE.—K c4, Q c3, P d6.
BLACK.—K c6, B a8, P d7.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

— Sarasin, an old French writer, who published an interesting paper on the origin of Chess, says; "Some authors have written, that Palamedes invented Chess, to prevent the Grecians from becoming wearied during the siege of Troy. This stratagem reminds me of one I have read in Plutarch, that a besieged Captain, in order to oblige his followers to guard the walls they were inclined to abandon, established at every tower drinking-houses."

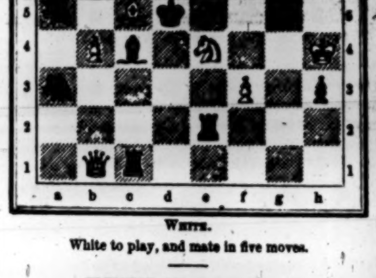
— *D. B. T.* shall hear from us next week in reference to his second position.

— Our usual Problem criticisms are necessarily postponed until our next issue.

PROBLEM NO. 19.

By Mr. J. A. POTTER, of Salem, Mass.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in five moves.

ELEMENTARY EPISTLES.—I.

In the first place, my dear Tyro, persuade some good-natured Chess-playing friend to explain to you the moves of the pieces and pawns. If, unfortunately, you have no good-natured friends, then buy a simple elementary treatise on the game, such as is now obtainable at any bookstore, and teach yourself the powers of the Chess figures.

In the second place, learn the universal notation. There are some people who pretend to have wiser heads than you, and who certainly have older ones, who are opposed to it. But whether they like it or not, it will be ultimately adopted. For sixty centuries the world has been satisfactorily demonstrating that it will not stand still, and a few Chess-editors, more or less, are no very immovable obstacle in the path of its progress. Look at the diagram of our problem above, and you will straightway comprehend it. It is the old principle of a counting-house almanac or a railroad time-table, which every running man may read. You probably know that the lines of squares running across the board from right to left and left to right are called *ranks*, and those running in the other direction, from player to player, are called *files*. These are distinguished from each other by figures from 1 to 8, and by letters from *a* to *h*. Fix these firmly in your mind, so as to recognize at once, for instance, the *d*-file and the *g*-file, or the 3-rank and the 7-rank. If the square h6 or a3 be named, for example, you will then readily understand its position. Having arranged your men in order of battle, if you play the Pawn in front of the White King two squares, you write it thus: e2—e4, naming both the square whence it comes and the one whither it goes. If you bring out the White Knight on the King's side of the board, and place it in front of the Bishop, you express it in this wise: Kt g1—f3. If the player of the Black men deploys his King's Knight in the same manner, he would thus note it: Kt g8—f6. For you must bear in mind that the enumeration of the ranks and files commences from the side occupied by the White forces. The signs in use are few and simple:

†—check.	‡—mate.
:—takes.	0—0—Castles with King's Rook.
:†—takes (checking.)	0—0—0—Castles with Queen's Rook.

This admirable, simple, and convenient system of notation was first employed by Philip Stamma, in 1737, and is now in general use on the continent of Europe. Those writers who during the last twenty years have done the most to advance the theory of Chess, have published their works in this notation exclusively. We refer to Jaenisch, Von der Lasa, Bilguer, and Lange. In general the English and Americans have no notation at all, but merely write out the move thus: King's Knight to King's Bishop's third square, or, abbreviated, K. Kt. to K. B. 3d, an unscientific, illogical, and inconvenient method, into the practice of which, I hope you, my dear Tyro, with your natural common sense, will never fall.

In order to familiarize yourself with the notation, play over the following pretty game between Mr. Paul Morphy, our Chess Achilles, and an amateur of New Orleans:

	McCONNELL. WHITE.	MORPHY. BLACK.
1.	e2—e4	e7—e6
2.	d2—d4	d7—d5
3.	e4—e5	c7—c5
4.	c2—c3	Kt b8—c6
5.	f2—f4	Q d8—b6
6.	Kt g1—f3	B c8—d7
7.	a2—a3	Kt g8—h6
8.	b2—b4	c5—d4:
9.	c3—d4:	R a8—c8
10.	B c1—b2	Kt h6—f5
11.	Q d1—d3	B f8—b4:†
12.	a3—b4:	Kt c6—b4:
13.	Q d3—d2	R c8—c2
14.	Q d2—d1	Kt f5—e3

And White loses his Queen, and of course resigns the game. I subjoin another brief contest. Before playing it over, remove White's Knight from g1, since Captain Kennedy gives that odds to his opponent.

	KENNEDY. WHITE.	AMATEUR. BLACK.
1.	e2—e4	e7—e5
2.	B f1—c4	Kt g8—f6
3.	d2—d4	Kt f6—e4:
4.	d4—e5:	Kt e4—f2:
5.	0—0	Kt f2—d1:
6.	B c4—f7:†	K e8—e7
7.	B c1—g5:‡	

I purposely abstain from commenting upon these games, and in my next letter I shall commence a concise review of the openings. CAISSUS.

THE CHESS-BOARD.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

My little love, do you remember
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtain'd warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?
Ah, still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight,
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand;
The double Castles guard the wings:
The Bishop bent on distant things,
Moves, sidling, through the fight.
Our fingers touch; our glances meet,
And falter; falls your golden hair*
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen
Rides slow her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.
Ah me! the little battle's done,
Disperst is all its chivalry;
Full many a move, since then, have we
'Mid Life's perplexing chequers made,
And many a game with Fortune play'd—
What is it we have won?
This, this at least—if this alone;—
That never, never, never more,
As in those old still nights of yore,
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise,)
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world, and wintry weather,
And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we play'd, together!

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, MARCH 5, 1859.

THE SICKLES-TRAGEDY.

The "DISHONORED HUSBAND" has always been a favorite subject of popular sympathy. Whatever he may do to avenge his wounded honor,—especially if it is something horrible,—he is sure to be upheld in. In the case of Mr. SICKLES, if he had murdered his wife as well as her lover, he would have been not only justified, but applauded. The act would have been in accordance with all our modes of thought. "Down with "the vile woman! Trample her under foot! Kick "her into the dirt! Blast her! Curse her! If pos-"sible, kill her—the infamous creature!" That's the feeling.

And we are all Christians.

But how about the Dishonored Wife? The term doesn't exist. Why should it? Who, especially in gallant America, ever heard of a husband dishonoring his wife? No one. We men are "all, all honorable," of course. But suppose we are not? Suppose we do dishonor our wives? Suppose hundreds of us—thousands of us—do so, and do so pretty openly, too; and talk about it—boast of it, even? What then? Is that anything to make a row about? What is woman that we are mindful of her, or the daughter of woman that we regard her? Isn't she, our toy, our play-thing, our slave; made to minister to our caprices, and subject herself to our tyranny? Hasn't that been her destiny from the beginning? And in pay for all this, don't we support her? Or, failing to do that, allow her the honor of supporting us? What, then, has she to complain of?

Suppose that an anonymous letter had been sent to Mrs. SICKLES, informing her that her husband had a secret *liaison* with another woman? And suppose she had found out, on investigation, that he had? Is it so uncommon an occurrence that she should go into fits about it, and cry her beautiful eyes out? Read Dr. [illegible] to answer to a woman for his conduct? A pretty state of things that would be! Isn't he lord of creation? Hasn't he a right to do as he pleases, without question? Ought not his wife to be everlastingly grateful that he condescended to marry her, and to give her his name,—without making any impertinent inquiries into his private character? Why didn't she inquire into it before marriage? "Because she didn't dare to?" Why did she marry him, then? Would he have married her if he had had any doubts as to *her* character?

"But the cases are different." Of course they are. He is a *man*, and she is nothing but a *woman*. What business has a woman to pry into a man's secrets? It is the duty of a woman to be delicate—discreet—lady-like; in a word, blind. Isn't love always blind—especially woman's love?

We confess that in the present state of public sentiment on this whole subject, we hardly know how to write a serious word about it.

Think a moment. A husband who dishonors his wife doesn't even weaken his social position; he is received by what is called good society, quite as favorably as before. Some say, more so. In a word, he is indulged with perfect impunity. Any inquiry by his wife as to his conduct out of the house, is treated as the last degree of indelicacy and impertinence. He may absent himself from her for weeks—for months—on business, or on pleasure, without his wife having the shadow of a right to question him as to his behaviour; whereas if she absent herself from him for a single night, without being able to give him a full and circumstantial account of where she has been, and what she has being doing, she is at once subjected to the most horrible suspicions. And the moment a woman is suspected, she is lost.

Again. When a man commits a great crime—greater even than adultery, which is not in the eye of the law a capital one, nor a very grave one, even—and his wife adheres to him through all his disgrace and dishonor, her praises are in the mouth of everybody. But when a woman commits a crime, a crime at all serious—and above all, the crime of adultery—the husband who cleaves to her in her shame, becomes the laughing stock of the whole community.

Suppose that every wife in America, who had proofs of her husband's infidelity, should at once leave his bed and board, and then proceed to murder his paramour? What a scene of desolation and carnage would our land present! What trains, what caravans of human corpses—corpses, often, of young and beautiful women—would fill up all our roads, and darken all our streets! In less than a week every burying-ground in the country would be full.

Let us be careful, then, how we justify Mr. SICKLES in killing Mr. KEY. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. If a husband has a right to murder the man who causes his dishonor, certainly a wife has a right to murder the woman who causes *her* dishonor: although, as we have intimated, there will be a time of terrible havoc and bloodshed if women ever come to think so.

But this murdering is always a bad business, whether done by the individual or by the State. We advise both husbands and wives to give up the idea of it. If they can't get along without dishonoring each other, they had better separate. And it would be well if we men got some new notions about honor; that we should learn, at least, that a wife may be dishonored as well as a husband; and that a woman has as much right to avenge herself, as a man to avenge himself.

It will be seen from the above that we have no very deep sympathy with Mr. SICKLES. His whole conduct in the matter has been disgraceful. Think of his extorting from his wife a written confession of her shame in the presence of witnesses—the brute—and then allowing it to be handled about the house! Fancy *her* trying to get a written confession of the same kind out of *him*! And just fancy him giving it to her! We can imagine the scene. SICKLES, full of virtuous indignation, insists that his young wife shall, then and there, in the presence of witnesses, make a full and detailed confession of her guilt. With fear and trembling, the unhappy woman consents to do so. But, just before signing the document, a brilliant thought occurs to her: "My dear husband, I have now done "what you commanded me. Here is my confession; "but, before signing it, I have to request that you, in "your turn, prepare in the presence of these same wit-"nesses, a written confession of *your* infidelities—stat-"ing when, where, with whom, and how often, *you* "have dishonored *me*. Do this, and then, my dear, "we will exchange confessions, and, if you wish, they "shall both go before the public, who will then be "able to judge between thee and me."

What a thunderbolt this would have been to the outraged husband! And what consternation there would have been among the discomfited witnesses! Why on earth didn't it occur to the DISHONORED WIFE to pursue some such course? Why? Simply because it had never occurred to the poor woman that a dishonored wife had any right to complain. Dishonored wives rarely do complain. It wouldn't do any good if they did. All the sympathy the world can spare is laid out on dishonored husbands. The dishonored wife is simply laughed at. Hence she keeps her dishonor to herself, only too proud to have, on any terms, an honored (even though unfaithful) husband. This may be all right enough, only it strikes us as queer. That's all.

And now, just one word in defence of Mrs. SICKLES. When she married, she was a young, beautiful, and affectionate girl, and was, no doubt, devoted to her husband. It was a necessity of her nature to be loved and admired, and he loved and admired her. As long as this continued, we have no doubt she was faithful. But when his love cooled, and his admiration died out, and she found that she was no longer "all-in-all" to him, she was exactly in a condition to throw herself into the arms of the first man who would be to her the loving, caressing, idolizing person, that her husband once was. She found such a man, it seems, in Mr. KEY: and—we know the result.

Of course she is ruined for life. Far, far better would it have been for her had she been shot; for every day's life she now lives is made worse to her than a thousand deaths. The few who are "without guilt" will perhaps let her alone; but the rest will eventually stone her into the grave.

O, that instead of the young and thoughtless creature she still is, she were a noble and gifted woman, who would take this occasion to avenge the wrongs of her sex, by exposing the horrible state of public opinion, which, for the same offence, brands the wife with infamy, and leaves the husband untainted even in reputation!

A NEW WAY TO WEALTH.

"A NEEDY AUTHOR" asks if we couldn't induce the Messrs. Appleton to offer a premium of "Two dollars a page" for all the errors that shall hereafter be discovered in their *New American Cyclopædia*. Our correspondent thinks that if they should adopt this course, he, and several other indigent persons (some of whom are now doing two-dollar-a-page work on the said *Cyclopædia*), "might make five or ten thousand dollars a-year from this time till that distant and facetious epoch when the work is completed."

We regret to say that all we can do for our needy friend is to print his suggestion and see that the Messrs. Appletons (over whom our personal influence is limited) have a chance to read it.

Literary Notes.

— The following is from a new work of poems just published in England, by W. C. Bennett:—

SPRING SONG.

Long has been the Winter,
Long—long—in vain
We've sought the bud upon the bough,
The primrose in the lane.
Long have skies been dull and grey.
Nipping's been the blast;
But sing! Summer's coming!
The bee's out at last.
Sing! Winter's flying;
Summer's coming fast;
The bee's out at last.

Loud shouts the cuckoo;
The nested elm round
Wheels the rook, cawing;
There are shadows on the ground.
Warm comes the breeze, and soft,
Freezing days are past;
Sing! Summer's coming!
The bee's out at last.
Sing! Winter's flying;
Summer's coming fast;
Humming hope and Spring-time,
The bee's out at last.

— The author of "Matrimonial Brokerage in the Metropolis" is Mr. Alfred C. Hills, city-editor of the *New York Evening Post*. The work will sell on account of its attacks upon Mrs. Cunningham; attacks which, when we read them in the *Post*, produced in us that feeling of indignation which one experiences on seeing a man slap a woman publicly in the face. But perhaps we are too sensitive. Besides, how is it possible to be unfair to a woman?

— Mr. J. R. Brodhead, the first volume of whose "History of New York" has just passed to a new edition, is now engaged on the second volume, which is represented by competent authority, to be a production of great research: the work, when finished, will take rank among standard Historics. Mr. Brodhead's style is classic without being prosy. A rare merit.

— The London *Court Journal* of February 5th contains some verses on the Birth of the Son of Princess Frederick William, written by Miss Isa Craig, the successful competitor for the Burns Prize Poem.

— "THE TWO WAYS TO WEDLOCK," an interesting story recently completed in *The Home Journal*, is soon to be issued in book form by Messrs. Rudd & Carleton, of this city.

— The *Boston Courier* is now conducted by Mr. John Clark, managing editor, and Messrs. George Lunt and George S. Hillard associate editors, with a regular staff consisting of Messrs. Thomas Gill, E. H. House, and O. H. Dutton. The commercial man is Mr. Hugh O'Brien, and the boss-reporter Mr. H. T. Rockwell. Quite a concern.

— Mr. George P. Bond has succeeded his father, the late William C. Bond, as Director of the Observatory at Cambridge, where he has been chief assistant for several years.

— Mr. William Blanchard Jerrold is about to give public readings of the narrative portion of his recently published life of his father, Douglas Jerrold.

— A "*History of Vidocq*," is about to be written by Barthelemy Maurice, editor of the *Journal Judiciare*, who has secured all that the archives of the police contain on this subject, and collected also a quantity of private and confidential information from different *employés*. The narrative will probably be of a very different complexion from the one given us some years ago by Vidocq himself.

— The Rev. Canon Mosely, an English clergyman, has a work in the press entitled "*Astro-Theology*."

— Leigh Hunt writes to the *Spectator* in terms highly commendatory of Miss Craig's Crystal Palace Poem. "Unlike prize poems in general, which possess but a poor repute, owing to the conventionalisms with which they abound in the universities, Miss Craig's production contains poetry truly so called, and of the rarest imaginative kind."

— The fourth volume of M. de Noailles's "Madam de Maintenon and the Times of Louis XIV." is about to appear, and will contain some remarkable passages about the little court of St. Germain and about the amiable Mary of Modena, wife of James II.

— Besides the second volume of his memoirs, M. Guisot is about to publish another volume entitled "Trois Rois, Trois peuples, Trois Siécles."

— Dr. Plumer, in an address delivered at the opening of a Female Seminary in Wheeling, Va., made the following very sensible remarks: "I hope, sir, you will not teach poetry here—I mean what some people call the science of composing poetry. If it will come from some of these youths, let it come, but don't force it. I feel about like the Methodist preacher, who was giving a charge at a class meeting about some regulations. While in the midst of his charge a lady uttered a shout. 'Now,' says he, 'brethren and sisters, since the subject of shouting has come up, I'll give you my views on the subject. Never shout from a sense of duty. If you feel that you can't hold in—why then shout, but not otherwise.' I hope, then, that no one will ever write poetry from a sense of duty. Poetry is despicable, unless it is first class. Poor poetry is about the meanest of all things. As the Latin satirist has said, 'neither gods nor men can endure it.'"

— A new and comprehensive Dictionary of Surgery, in 3 or 4 vols. 8vo., edited by Dr. Costello, is just ready for publication in England; and Messrs. Longman & Co. have brought to a completion Dr. Copland's Great Medical Dictionary, in 4 vols. 8vo., commenced in 1833. A reprint of the latter work is in course of publication by the Messrs Harper.

— A serious misunderstanding has occurred between Captain Bedingfield and Dr. Livingstone. The Captain returns to England, and gives up the exploring expedition. So much the worse for Africa.

— The duty paid on paper in England, for the year ending March 31st last, was £1,130,683; while on tobacco and snuff it was £5,272,474, and on spirits it amounted to the enormous sum of £11,263,638.

— The only account of King Keder, the apocryphal monarch is a poetic myth, relating an amorous design, from the frustration of which the town of Kidderminster, Eng., was named. It is as follows:—

King Keder saw a pretty girl,
King Keder would have kiss'd her.
The damsel nimbly slipped aside,
and so
King Keder miss'd her.
Keder miss'd her.—[Kidderminster.]

Domestic Art Gossip.

Leutze's return to this country enables us to welcome his presence as well as to chronicle his latest productions. The first in order is a sketch showing Washington in the battle at Princeton at the moment of victory. The British troops are indicated in the background; Washington, on a rearing horse, occupies the central position on the canvas, and is waving his hat, in the act of huzzaing to his followers that the "day is ours." Mr. Leutze proposes to paint the subject on a large scale. His second work is a story without a name, for the picture has no specific title; there are figures, light, and color, to denote pictorial melody, as there are sequences of tone and modulation in music to excite our thought—it is a pictorial "song without words." We see a cardinal, accompanied by a few attendants, advancing towards us, down a broad staircase, at the foot of which is a kneeling female presenting a petition, while half concealed behind a stone abutment of the steps is an elderly personage, evidently awaiting the result of her application. The scene is in the open air. A happy combination of flowers, costumes, and architecture, all bound together by a warm glow of sunlight and harmonious color, arouse in our minds all the associations we have connected with historical incidents of this class. The remaining pictures are a fine portrait of a Prussian officer, and a group in full-length representing the artist's children. Added to the above, we would mention another work, lately completed, but which has been forwarded to Baltimore to W. T. Walters, Esq., for whom it was painted, illustrating a passage in Paradise and the Peri, from Moore's poem of Lalla Rookh. The sketch of Washington at Princeton has been purchased by N. B. Collins, Esq.; the story without a name, by Shepherd Gandy, Esq. Since Mr. Leutze's return, he has painted an admirable portrait of Mr. Lang.

— Among late productions in our city that we have to chronicle, one of the most noticeable is Hicks' portrait of Dr. Kane. This picture—for it is a picture, something more than a portrait—is treated differently from the same subject painted by Mr. Hicks a few months ago. We see the intrepid navigator, his legs wrapped in a wolf's skin, seated in his cabin, engaged in writing up his journal; two of his companions appear in the background asleep, and around upon the walls hang guns, pouches, and scientific instruments; on one peg is suspended a red tippet on account of its color, red acting as a stimulus in these colorless latitudes, while on another peg is an engraving of Sir John Franklin, half concealed by a broken sword suspended over the print. The whole is illuminated by a single lamp on the left, its light falling strongest upon the head of Dr. Kane, which is the point of interest in the picture.

— Rossiter and Mignot's Mount Vernon picture—or rather a finished study for it—is drawing near to completion. It will prove an attractive work. The mansion at Mount Vernon is represented with a group on the piazza, into which we look lengthwise; the group consists of Mrs. Washington and her daughter-in-law, who are sewing, and Washington and Lafayette, who are engaged in conversation. [illegible] in the foreground are a servant and the two Custis children. Leaving the mansion, the eye wanders over the lawn to the trees, through which we catch glimpses of the Potomac river. The likenesses of Lafayette and the two children are from original pictures procured at Arlington; that of Lafayette represents him at the age of twenty-seven, which was his age at the time the picture now at Arlington was painted, and which Lafayette presented to Washington.

— In landscape, Casilear has been very successful with Swiss scenery. He has lately finished a picture for Mr. Knœdler (Goupil & Co.), which stands forth prominently by the side of his previous works, as well as among other various transcripts of this fascinating scenery.

— Gifford is about completing a "View from the Mansfield Mountain, Vermont."

— Suydam has painted a second twilight scene, the time being about half an hour earlier than that of his picture of the "Windmill." A very simple scene, consisting of a low horizon, a clear evening sky, and a calm sheet of water, reflecting the harmonious color and light of the objects above it, is most poetically and truthfully rendered.

— Kensett is painting a composition for R. L. Stuart, Esq. The picture is an upright. The scenery which suggested the picture is a view in New Hampshire, taking in the Saco and White Mountains. Large trees rise from a wooded bank in the foreground, and relieve upon a serene sky; we look over a ravine in the middle distance, and a plain which stretches to the distant mountains, all enlivened by that delicate play of light and shade, which renders Mr. Kensett's pictures so attractive.

— Nichols is engaged upon a view on the North side of the White Mountains; it presents a wilder and grander aspect of White Mountain scenery than is usually portrayed by our pictorial investigators of that region.

— Hotchkiss has upon his easel a view of the Catskill Mountains towards sunset, which is a very successful work. The sky is especially noticeable for its luminousness.

— Durand is engaged upon a large upright composition, representing scenery suggestive of the Plaaterkill Clove, Catskill Mountains. Two large trees—a black-birch and a sycamore—in the immediate foreground, are the principal "figures" of the scene; they stand near the brink of a fall, over which are hanging rocks and trees, forming an opening, so that we see the sky and ravine below, and the stream coursing along a huge mountain-side to the sunny plain in the distance.

— In portraiture, Elliott has just completed a portrait of Dr. Cheesman for the City Hospital. Mathews has painted a portrait of Webster for California. Rowse, among portraits of various persons, has an exquisite female head, one of those masterly drawings that honor this department of art.

— Among works in sculpture, we have to mention an excellent bust of Buchanan Read, by Jackson. A medallion by Gott, called "Expectation," consisting of a female ideal head in profile, is a charming work on account of its refined sentiment.

— We have to call the attention of amateurs to a series of lithographic drawings by William Hunt. They consist of subjects that have been painted on a large scale by Mr. Hunt within the past six years. We recognize the sentiment of the originals in its full force, and would refer to them as admirable specimens of the art of lithography. If artists would repeat their works in this way oftener, the public and the cause of Art would be great gainers by it. The subjects of Mr. Hunt's drawings are—The Violet Girl—Girl at the Fountain—Hurdy-gurdy Boy—The Fortune-teller—Farm Scene—Deer at Moonlight.

— Steps are being taken to render the National Academy of Design a more effective institution than it has been for some years past. It is proposed that the Academy should hereafter embrace the entire body of professional artists as members, with no condition of membership but the usual one of the ballot, and such other conditions as bear equally upon all parties.

— An International Art exhibition is about to open in this city, on the corner of Broadway and Fourth street. Its attractions—and they will be very great—are to consist of fine contributions from the schools of Berlin, Munich, Dresden, and Düsseldorf. A portrait of Humboldt, by Professor Schader, contributed by the venerable *savan* himself, will be in the collection.

— An extensive auction-sale of works of foreign artists, coupled with specimens of our own artists' works, will take place on the 16th and 17th inst., by H. H. Leeds & Co.

The above items are from *The Crayon*.

—We have seen an excellent engraving in *line-mezzotint*, of a portrait of Edward Everett, painted by M. Wight, and engraved by H. Wright Smith. Besides being a good likeness, it is a fine specimen of portrait painting.

—The Thirty-fourth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy will be opened to the public on Tuesday, April 12th, and will continue till the end of June. See advertisement, which we insert, without charge, as an interesting item of news.

The exhibition of the Boston Athenæum will open on or about the first of April, and will continue open until after the close of the New York Exhibition.

—Mr. Von Best, the marine painter from Holland, is at work upon a picture of the affair of the privateer *General Armstrong*. It is to be placed in one of the vacant panels of the Capitol Extension. The deck of the ship occupies a large portion of the canvas, which gives the artist ample scope to represent the terrible bustle of such a scene. This he has accomplished most effectively. A large number of marine sketches and painted pictures can be seen at the studio of Mr. Von Best. While he draws figures and storms with an almost barbaric power of expression, his facile pencil is capable of rendering the slightest and most delicate aspects of nature. His scenes from Holland are especially worthy of admiration.

—The Artists of Brooklyn intend to establish a free gallery at the rooms of the Mercantile Library Association, for the exhibition and sale of their works.

—Rembrandt Peale, now in his eighty-first year, intends to sell in Philadelphia the entire collection of paintings and studies in his studio, and has thrown his rooms open for public inspection.

—The Boston correspondent of the New York *Times* writes as follows: "I was in the studio of Mr. Ball, the sculptor, the other day, and found him engaged on a miniature bust of the late Mr. Prescott. As I never had the pleasure of seeing that gentleman, I cannot speak for the likeness, but I was charmed by some of the finished works which I saw around me. I may particularize a full-length of Webster, which puts Powers' bronze statue now in the Boston Athenæum to the blush. The pose is easy and dignified, and the clothes, the bugbear of the sculptor, are managed with a graceful breadth of handling. Talking of Powers' Webster, there is some discussion as to the best site for it. As *Punch* said, the best site in my opinion is out of sight. Mr. Barry is engaged on a crayon head of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. His 'Schoolmistress'—an illustration of the heroine of that work—is attracting some attention, and is on exhibition at the store of Phillips, Sampson & Co."

Foreign Art Gossip.

The Sacred Harmonic Society, London, already in possession of the excellent statue of Handel by Roubillac, has recently received a gift from Lady Rivers of an early portrait of the great musician by Denner. The portrait was presented by Handel to his amanuensis, Smith, as a testimony of regard, and has never passed out of the family, Lady Rivers being Smith's granddaughter.

—Stanfield, the celebrated landscape painter, is seriously ill.

—Frederick Goodall, A.R.A., has left England for Palestine, where both Holman Hunt and Carl Haag have preceded him.

—Signor Eugenio Agneni, the Roman fresco painter, who during his brief residence in England, has already acquired much distinction by the graceful and picturesque manner in which he has decorated the Queen's retiring room in the Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, has recently submitted to the notice of the Society of Arts a new invention. This unique style of pictorial decoration, for which the name of mirror-painting is probably the simplest and most appropriate designation, consists of imaging upon the inner surface of a mirror, from which the quicksilver has been previously removed, groups of aërial figures so daintily tinted, and arranged with such delicate skill, that they have the appearance of flying or floating through the Summer air. The mirror represents a bright, cloudless atmosphere, and the figures seem to be gliding through it with the sportive, buoyant, and elastic motion which distinguishes the "gay creatures of the elements."

—The Memoirs of Thomas Uwins furnishes the following anecdote of Turner. A young merchant travelling towards Bologna, who knew nothing of Art and nothing of the reputation of artists, relates it to Uwins, who transcribes it in one of his letters from Italy: "I have fortunately met with a good-tempered, funny little elderly gentleman, who will probably be my travelling companion throughout the journey. He is continually popping his head out of the window to sketch whatever strikes his fancy, and became quite angry because the conductor would not wait for him while he took a sunrise view of Macerata. 'D—n the fellow!' says he, 'he has no feeling.' He speaks but a few words of Italian, about as much of French, which two languages he jumbles together amusingly. His good temper, however, carries him through all his troubles. I am sure you would love him for his indefatigability in his favorite pursuit. From his conversation he is evidently near kin to, if not absolutely, an artist. Probably you may know something of him. The name on his trunk is J. W., or J. M. W. Turner!"

—Three new portraits have been recently added to the National Gallery, London: William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; George Colman, the elder, the dramatist, the connoisseur, and the translator of "Terence," by Gainsborough; and John Keats, painted at Rome by the poet's friend, Severn.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

In the Desert.

When there is really nothing to do, perhaps the best thing that a man can do is to do it, that is nothing, as well as nothing possibly can be done. In this position stand that agreeable class of persons who are called by individuals of a lively imagination, dramatic critics. There is literally nothing going on, and yet a man is expected to write an article. It is Sahara with the world of the theatre. The chief theatres make of Our American Cousin a Veteran-attraction. The critics browse in *cafés chantants*, sulk in their own dens, or wander hopelessly to where some person, in a suspicious shirt and dingy smalls, throws butcher-knives at another person, who is a great fool for allowing any one to do it at the price. Even the Circus has lost its charm. A man could go there and be bored by Rice, but there came a time when there was too much Rice. It was, as I said once before, all Rice, and having arrived at the point beyond which, etc., Rice had his congé, for which, seriously, all thanks. Now, at the Circus, they have Cinderella, performed by a large number of females, of various sizes. It is very curious, and quite amusing for the children. Anna Maria convoyed nearly the whole juvenile population of the Fifteenth Ward, on Wednesday last, and the Beloved One really had a matronly air that was quite killing.

The adventurous young gentleman of the *Tribune* has, however, found an oasis. It is in the shape of a person named Menken, who has made her début at the National Theatre. Menken is female. Menken plays soubrettes. By all accounts she is a sort of prairie Lola Montez. I first heard of her at Dayton, a highly interesting town in Ohio. There she played in some one of the numerous pieces wherein young women, in a short allowance of clothing, go through with certain evolutions that are supposed to be military. The Dayton Light Guards, or Light Infantry, or Light something or other, were so much charmed, as men and as Guards, that they chose Mistress Menken as their ruler, and she wears the title of Captain to this day. Such a thing could not happen anywhere except in America, and here it is especially Western. When we add that the Guard paraded at the theatre under the command of their actress-captain, the thing is complete. She has now come, sword in hand, to conquer the metropolis, and the *Tribune*-critic, albeit a man of peace, has been to see the crinoline warrior. I have not yet ventured. The critical office daily proves more and more dangerous. If a man writes that a *prima donna* can't sing, or wont sing, or kicks up rows, he runs the risk of having his life bullied out of him. If, with only the natural female weapons, I am to be put down, what should I do against the Menken, who could, no doubt, bring a light artillery battery in the field against me, and serve the pieces herself.

So I leave the lady to the *Tribune*, and I rescue the notice from the obscurity of the City Items. *Voila!*

NATIONAL THEATRE.—Ada Isaacs Menken, an amateur of some fame in the West, is playing at this house. She has talent, but it is like the gold in quartz veins—all in the rough: and she must undergo the refining process of intelligent and critical audiences before she can hope to become an actress. She must correct another grave error at once, and that is her style of dressing in Protean pieces. When people go to the ballet, they expect to see a peculiar and questionable freedom in the toilet; but that style ought never to be mimicked, much less outstripped, upon the legitimate style—not even on the Eastern side of the city. There is a hearty earnestness and dashing style about Miss or Mrs. Menken, which, under proper training, gives promise of better things; but, like most Western mental products, she wants taming down.

A short experience in Printing-House-Square might do her some good.

Mills.

About two or three Sundays ago, Mr. Carl Bergmann, with the assistance of Caradori and several other Pompeian relics, gave a concert at the City Assembly Rooms—which we say *en passant*, are the very worst rooms in which to give a concert on the face of the earth. At this concert, there were some two or three hundred Germans; other people prefer to stay at home on Sunday evenings. There was a new name in the programme. The name of Mills. Mills who would play something on the piano. Nobody ever heard of Mills. But everybody in the musical world here had heard of him next day. He is a most admirable pianist of the school of Liszt, but with more delicacy and finish than is usual with the followers of that distinguished artist. His touch has that divine sympathy which the world calls genius. He plays rather like an earnest enthusiastic German than an Englishman, and is indeed fresh from the conservatory of Leipsic. Without doubt, Mr. Mills has a fine career open before him.

Theatre Francais.

Before the issuing of the next SATURDAY PRESS, the French Theatre will have been opened to the public. It will be, at first, the most fashionable and agreeable place of amusement in the city. The opening is fixed for Tuesday next. The following is a full list of the artists engaged:

M. Paul Laba, artiste du Théatre Français, de Paris, jeune premier rôle.
M'lle Eugénie Sen, de l'Odéon, soubrette et Déjazet.
M'lle Laure Chevalier, des Variétes, jeune première.
M'lle Jane Montheaux, ingénue.
M'me Pauline Dupont, grande coquette et 1st rôle.
M'me Alexandrine Daire, 1st duègne et mére noble.
M'me Tallot, grande utilité.
M'me Louise, utilité.
Mr. Bertrand, premier comique.
Mr. Edgard, jeune comique.
Mr. Tallot, pére noble et premier rôle masqué.
Mr. Charrier Delalain, fort second amoureux.
Mr. Thiery, comique grime.
Mr. Sage, troisième rôle (au besoin).
Mr. Henry W., second amoureux comique.
Mr. Leon, utilité.

Dramatic Fund Benefit.

The editor has received the following note, to which we recommend the especial attention of Mr. John Brougham, *et id.*

February 28th, 1859.

DEAR SIR:—In your paper of the 26th inst. you state that the amateur performance in aid of the Dramatic Fund is definitely fixed for the 20th April next. If it could be put off until after the 24th April, the Committee would oblige a number of ladies, and no doubt add to the receipts of the evening, as many people will not attend a dramatic performance on Holy Week. Please make the suggestion to the Powers that be, and oblige A WELL-WISHER TO THE FUND.

Mere Mention.

Lord Dundreary (Mr. Sothern), whom some one called an outrageous *plagiarism* on the English nobility, has his benefit at Laura Keene's this evening. American Cousin, of course. The awful effects of excessive avarice have been seen in the conduct of the management of this house, with regard to Mr. Taylor's play. When it first appeared they could have sold plenty of copies at a fair price, but the amount asked was so inordinate to the value of the trash, that is, if it has any value, that the managers hesitated. One or two employed stenographers, who were at first ordered to desist from taking down the actor's words. But they were not to be bullied like hungry actors, and the play was taken down. Now it is being played at two theatres in Boston, and in various other parts of the country. Any one could play it here with impunity.

The *Veteran* is still a good card at Wallack's, and will be continued for the present.

Antony and Cleopatra is to be done at the Broadway next week. The Mise en scene will be very fine. In about six weeks the Broadway Theatre will be pulled down, when Mr. Eddy intends to build a new one uptown. Nothing is yet settled about Niblo's Garden. Mr. Burton will be in town next week to make arrangements for the reöpening of his theatre.

Things that "Nobody" Knows.

Some person, feminine evidently, writes to the Cincinnati *Commercial* in the following "rich style" about Piccolomini:—

> And have I nothing to say about her *singing?* That I have. The sounds of her voice linger with me now, and melodize my soul as I think of her. Nothing can exceed the sweetness and clearness of her medium tones, and that gentle dying away of her falsettos. But she is not, as yet, a true *artiste*. Her voice is like her character—as all voices are—fresh, unsullied, flexible, but unformed—lacking depth and earnestness. To gain this, she needs those four years of sorrow and discipline that developed the depth and fervor of Jenny Lind's character. When, after having devoted years to study, and her triumphs had just begun—when she had just tasted the sweets of human adulation, and the pure happiness flowing from the divine gift of pouring out her naturally earnest soul in song, she was suddenly deprived of her voice. The silver notes had fled, and before an expecting audience she stood mute and palsied with despair. And for four long anguished years the hope of her life was taken away! This it was that afterwards gave *soul* to the natural tones of her voice. She then sung with an *humble* heart, and her tones were earnest and *womanly*—appealing to the inmost sorrow of every human soul, and winning sympathy from the universal heart of nature.
>
> What folly then to compare Piccolomini with Jenny Lind. She is just now where the Lind was when the cloud came over her life. She knows not what disappointment or defeat is. Success and adulation have followed her steps from childhood. She but lives in the bliss of this success, and sings out the joy of her young childish heart.
>
> A little spoilt too, she is—a little girl vanity mingles with her artless manner, and comes too truly from her woman's heart. I longed to take her in my arms and say, "Dear little Piccy, you are just as sweet as you can be—but don't let them spoil you. Keep your pure girl heart devoted to your art, and one of these days you may be good enough for some good man's dear little wifey!"
>
> But then it would be a pity for her to do that, wouldn't it? Such a voice as hers does not belong to herself to give away as a *part* of herself. It is a God gift to the *world*. Oh! that she could feel this with a fervor that will enable her to immolate her heart's best treasures upon the shrine of her noble art! Who shall say that she would not be thrice blessed?

That is splendid. A *prima donna* successful and not spoiled, would be the ninth (Bonner is the eighth) wonder of the world!

They are doing "Our American Cousin" at the Howard Athenæum and the Boston Museum. F. S. Chanfrau and W. Warren are the Trenchards; E. L. Davenport and J. A. Smith the Dundrearys. There are cheap concerts at the Music Hall and Boston Theatre, where there was to be a Mount Vernon Ball, on the 4th March. The affair is under the patronage of innumerable honorables, colonels, and things of that sort.

Mr. Barry Sullivan is playing at Cincinnati.

Mme. Cora de Wilhorst has returned to town after a series of brilliant successes in the West. She was one of the particular stars of the Charity Ball, at the Academy, on Thursday. Mme. de Wilhorst will rejoin the Strakosch Company at the Cincinnati Opera House, where the first Opera season will be commenced on Monday week.

Piccolomini will be at St. Louis next week.

Mario was singing recently at a private *soirée* at the residence of Rossini, a number of musical and artistical notabilities being present. As they were parting, Mme. Taglioni approached Mario to compliment him, and said, "I'm sure you do not recognise me." "Ah, Madame," answered the tenor, in a tone of amiable reproach, "Indeed I do." "But you sing," said Taglioni, "as in your youthful days, while I can dance no more." "Yes, but you have carried away the dance with you," gallantly answered the singer. Very neat.

A letter from Naples says: "Signor Verdi left us a few days since for Rome, where he will bring out his new opera, entitled 'La Vendetta dei Domino.'" It was intended for Naples, but was prohibited.

M. Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" has entered into another stage of preparatory progress, its orchestral rehearsals having commenced. The opera may, therefore, be looked for some time after Easter. [illegible]

The Saturday Press Book List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 5, 1859.

The List of "NEW BOOKS" and "BOOKS IN PRESS" which we publish, every week, at great cost of both time and money, is carefully compiled from the most authentic sources, and is the most complete and reliable List of the kind which has ever been published either in this country or in Europe. It is not prepared in the interest or at the expense (directly or indirectly) of the Bookselling Trade, but exclusively at our own cost, and with the sole object of giving additional value to the columns of THE SATURDAY PRESS.

N. B.—In order to avoid misapprehension, we take this opportunity of informing Booksellers and Publishers, throughout the country, that if we send them THE SATURDAY PRESS, whether regularly or occasionally, it is for the sole purpose of suggesting to them the obvious propriety of forwarding us advance copies of their Catalogues and Announcements. This explanation becomes necessary from the fact that, in two or three instances, it has been inferred that our object in sending the paper was to secure subscriptions and advertisements: we are, of course, very glad to receive favors of that kind, but when it becomes necessary for us to solicit them, we shall do so in express terms.

REMARKS.

1. Under the head of "BOOKS IN PRESS" are included not only books actually in the hands of the printer, but those announced as "in preparation."

2. Under the head of "AMERICAN" and "ENGLISH" are included reprints and translations.

3. The List being entirely new every week (except in case of certain standard or otherwise important works which we occasionally insert two or three times), it is important that those who depend upon it for their book-information should preserve the paper on file.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Pictures of Country Life. By Alice Cary, author of the "Clovernook" series, "Married not Mated," etc. 1 vol. 12mo. Price $1. New York: Derby & Jackson.

The Red Rover. A Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1859.

Death to the Traitor; or Claude Duval and the Poachers. Price 25 cents. New York: Robert M. De Witt.

The Foster Brothers, being the History of the School and College Life of Two Young Men. One vol. 12mo. cloth, 405 pages, $1. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

TRAVELS, SKETCHES, ETC.

A Handbook to the Gold Fields in Nebraska and Kansas, with Map. Price 50 cents. New York: Derby & Jackson.

BIOGRAPHICAL, ETC.

Life of John Milton, Narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By David Masson, M.A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Vol. I. From 1608–1639. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

St. Augustine: a Biographical Memoir. By the Rev. John Baillie, Gonv. and Caius College, Cambridge; author of the "Life of Adelaide Le Newton," "Memoirs of Hewitson," "Life Studies," etc. 75 cents. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

HISTORICAL.

Lady Morgan's Diary. One volume, 12mo. Cloth, $1. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC.

The Methodist; or, Incidents and Characters from Life in the Baltimore Conference. By Miriam Fletcher. With an introduction by the Rev. W. P. Strickland, D.D. In two 12mo. volumes. Price $2. New York: Derby & Jackson.

A Defence of Armageddon; or, Our Great Country Foretold in the Holy Scriptures. By F. E. Pitts, of Nashville, Tennessee. Baltimore: J. W. Bull.

A Commentary on the Greek Text of the Epistle of Paul to the Philippians. By John Eadie, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature, Scotland. 8vo. pp. 297. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

My Saviour; or, Devotional Meditations in Prose and Verse, on the Names and Titles of the Lord Jesus Christ. By the Rev. John East, A.M., rector of Croscombe, England. 18mo. pp. 252 D. B. Brooks & Brother.

Compendium of the Origin, History, Principles, Rules and Regulations, Government, and Doctrines, of of the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing. With Biographies of Ann Lee, William Lee, James Whittaker, J. Hocknell, J. Meacham, and Lucy White. By F. W. Evans. 16mo. pp. 189. 75 cents. D. Appleton & Co.

Lectures on the Moral Government of God. By Nathaniel W. Taylor, D.D., late Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology in Yale College. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 417–423. Clark, Austin & Smith.

What is to become of the Churches? or, a Layman's Response to a Minister's Inquiries. Boston: Henry V. Degen.

SCIENTIFIC.

The Principles of Social Science. By H. C. Carey. In 3 vols. $2 50 per vol. Vol. III. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1859. By David A. Wells, A.M. With a likeness of Professor O. M. Mitchell. $1 25. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Matrimonial Brokerage in the Metropolis: being true narrations of strange adventures in New York, and startling facts in city life. By a Reporter of the New York Press. $1. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson.

Elements of Map Drawing; with plans for sketching Maps by Triangulation, and Improved Methods of Projection; designed for Schools and Academies. By S. C. Carter, A.M., author of "Physical Geography." 6 plates. 25 cts. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

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The Roving Editor; or, Talk with Slaves in the Southern States. By James Redpath. New York: A. B. Burdick, 1859.

ENGLISH.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

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Correspondance de Napoléon Ier, publiée par ordre de l'empereur Napoleon III. Tome 2. In-8°, 540 p. Paris: Dumaine. 6 fr.

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Contents of Magazines.

The Crayon for March: The Abstract and Naturalism in Art, by W. M. Rossetti; The Beard; The Gay Coquette, by Louisa Flagg; The Physiology of Common Life; Mountains and Prairies, by Lucy Larcom; Thomas Seddon; The Sketcher; The Husband and the Lover; History of the Empire of Kiang: Chapter III.; Painting in Tempera; Architecture; Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.; Sketchings; Studies among the Leaves.

Colburn's United Service Magazine and Naval and Military Journal, for February: Present Relations of the European Powers; The Navies of England and France; Our Military Departments; The Operations in Oude; The Royal Artillery; The Case of Conscience at Malta; Our Steam Paddle-Wheel Navy; The Campaign of 1854; Review of the Indian Rebellion and its Causes; Major Marksman's Shots at Passing Affairs; Operations of the last Campaign in China; Commission for Naval Gunnery; The Earl of Dundonald in Chili, Peru, and Brazil; The Azimghur Field Force; Gazettes; Promotions, etc.

—A newly-published volume gives us a German version of "John Anderson, my Jo:"—

John Anderson, mein Herz, mein John,
  Bei deinem ersten Schau'n
Da war dein Haar wie Raben schwarz
  Und buschig deine Brau'n.
Nun sind die Brauen spaerlich, John,
  Dein Haar wie Schnee in Maerz—
Doch Segen deiner kalten Hand,
  John Anderson, mein Herz.

John Anderson, mein Herz, mein John,
  Erstiegst mit mir die Hoch;
Und haben manch, "manch" frohen Tag
  Erlebt in Lenz und Schnee.
Nun schlottern wir bergunter, John,
  Vereint doch niederwaerts,
Und ruh'n am Fuss, umschlungen sanft,
  John Anderson, mein Herz.

—According to the Boston correspondent of the *Daily Times* the great event of last week, in that city, was the birthday of James Russell Lowell. A number of his friends gave him a dinner on that occasion, at the Parker House, which came off on last Wednesday with *éclat*. Agassiz sat at the head of the table, and Longfellow at the foot. Lowell, himself, sat on the icthyological Professor's right hand, while Emerson occupied the seat on the left. *Au reste*, the guests were Stillman, the author and artist; Doctor Holmes; Underwood, author of "Bulls and Bears," now publishing in the *Atlantic Monthly*; Mr. Edmund Quincy, Professor Felton, Mr. Dwight of the *Journal of Music*, with others equally agreeable or distinguished. The repast was individualised from all ordinary dinners by several additions to the bill of fare not mentioned on the *carte*. Emerson read a strangely beautiful poem, suggested by the event celebrated, but as it was personal to Mr. Lowell it is not likely that it will ever meet the public eye. Doctor Holmes read another, and Mr. Lowell replied to these compliments in verse. Several charming birthday gifts were presented to the poet Professor by his friends, among others a picture by Stillman.

We learn from the same source that Mr. Lowell is contemplating further installments of his Bigelow Papers. He intends to carry Mr. Birdov Freedum Sawin to Kansas. We thought that Kansas had "bled out."

—When George the Third was confined by his sad malady, weekly bulletins appeared, signed by his three physicians-in-ordinary. The following epigram on their names was said to have been written on the wall of Windsor cloisters, and afterwards extensively circulated:—

The King employs three doctors daily,
Willis, Heberden, and Baillie—
All exceeding skilful men,
Baillie, Willis, Heberden.
But doubtful which most sure to kill is—
Baillie, Heberden, or Willis?

—A new weekly has just been started in London, on the touch-not taste-not principle, called *The Anti-Tobacco Journal*; also two new monthlies, one called *The Universal Review of Politics, Literature, and Social Science*, and the other *The Literary Record*.

—The first volume of a new French translation of Shakespeare's works, by M. Francois-Victor Hugo, son of the poet, has been recently published at Paris. Shakespeare in French!

—The London *Athenæum*, in its obituary of Hallam, the historian, remarks that he was always ready to amend errors and repair omissions; and that his last editions are annotated and improved with "a most curious and conscientious skill."

—Professor Katchenovsky, of the University of Kharkoff, in Russia, has written and published a "Biographical Sketch of the Life and Works of Daniel Webster," in the Russian language.

—It is reported that Bentley's new Quarterly is to be edited by Dr. Doran, whom a contemporary describes as "an old Literary gossip, who knows more about the personal affairs of modern authors than, perhaps, any one living."

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press,

For the week ending March 5, 1859.

PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE. By ALICE CARY, author of Clovernook, Married not Mated, etc., etc. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE IN THE METROPOLIS: Being True Narratives of Strange Adventures in New York, and Startling Facts in City Life. By A Reporter of the New York Press. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson. 1859.

ELEMENTS OF MAP DRAWING, with Plans for Sketching Maps by Triangulation and Improved Methods of Projection. Designed for Schools and Academies. By S. C. CARTER, A.M., Principal of the Harvard School, Charlestown, author of Physical Geography, etc. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

THE CHURCHMAN'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, a Repository of Religious, Literary, and Entertaining Knowledge for the Christian Family. March. New York: Edward P. Allen, 9 Spruce street. 1859.

THE ROVING EDITOR; OR, TALES WITH SLAVES IN THE SOUTHERN STATES. By JAMES REDPATH. A. B. Burdick. 1859.

THE RED ROVER. A Tale. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from drawings by F. O. C. Darley. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1859.

PALISSY, THE HUGUENOT POTTER. A true tale. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 1859.

OPPOSITE THE JAIL. By the author of "Carrie Hamilton," "Gracie Amber," "The Child-Angel," etc. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 1859.

THE MOTHER'S MISSION. Sketches from Real Life. By the author of "The Object of Life." Boston: Henry Hoyt. 1859.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RING AND OTHER POEMS. By JAMES NACK. New York: Delisser & Procter. 1859.

LECTURES NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY EVENING.—Mozart Hall. Dr. L. Silliman Ives. Subject: *Protestant claim to the Right of Private Judgment.*

MONDAY EVENING.—Hall of the Historical Society. Professor Henry Copper, of Philadelphia. Subject: *The Knight Errantry of Science.* 50 cents.

TUESDAY EVENING.—Cooper Institute. Dr. O. A. Brownson. Subject: *The Church and the threatened Revolutions in Europe.* 25 cents.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.—Academy of Music. Hon. Edward Everett. Subject: *The Early Life of Franklin.* $1.

CLINTON HALL.—Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch. *Subject to be selected by the audience.* 15 cents.

Ocean Mail Steamers.

The European mails by the *Fulton*, hence for Southampton to-day, March 5, will close at the New York Postoffice at 10 1-2 o'clock.

The mails by the *Illinois* for the Pacific Coast, California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands, close at the New York Postoffice on Monday, at 1 o'clock.

BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

The next exhibition of the Boston Athenæum will open on or about the 1st of April, and will continue open until after the close of the New York Exhibition.

Contributors are requested to send a list of their contributions to L. R. Menger & Co., 12 Dey street, New York, on or before the 20th day of March.

The expense of transportation on all works forwarded by its Agents, will be borne by the Athenæum.

All communications relating to the Exhibition should be addressed to

ALFRED ORDWAY,
Boston Athenæum.

BOSTON, Feb. 15, 1859.

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NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN,
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Will be held in the spacious suite of Galleries, erected for the temporary use of the Academy, in TENTH STREET, one door East of Broadway.

Pictures will be received from MONDAY, MARCH 21st, to WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30th, inclusive, *after which time no work will be admitted.*

Artists out of the city, will please send their cases (carriage prepaid), so that they may arrive between the 21st and the 30th of March, marked "NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, TENTH STREET, NEW YORK."

Lists of the works intended for exhibition should be sent to the undersigned, UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK, by or before the 21st March, and a *Card, carefully and clearly written*, should be attached to each contribution—with its title, the name and residence of the Artist, the name of the Possessor, and the price—if for sale.

The Galleries will be open to ARTIST EXHIBITORS only, to varnish their Pictures, on Saturday, April 9th, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

The PRIVATE VIEW will be on Monday, April 11th.

The PUBLIC EXHIBITION will commence on Tuesday, April 12, and will close about the end of June.

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[From the San Francisco "Golden Era."]

THE VENGEANCE OF THE AMAZONS.

A Dream of Dr. Beverly Cole.

BY "FLAMINGO."

"There was a sound of revelry by night"—and, sooth, it came
From the Widow Mignonne's premises, where that entrancing dame,
Well fortified with Hyson strong, and eke with mild Bohea,
Sat chattering of women's rights and meekly sipping tea;
While, 'round her, like the Pleiades seven, sat seven sisters listening,
With arching necks and arching brows, and eyes like diamonds glistening:—
You'd scarce have thought while thus they sat, so prim and *debonnaire*,
So much of mighty mischief lurked among the treacherous fair,
Or that, in fact, an evil thought could find its harbor there.

Of *women's* rights, I say, they talked,—not the hackneyed "rights of woman,"—
The right to sew, to bake, to wed, and other matters human,
When, like some witch by Wallack raised from the bowels of the stage,
In rushed the spinster McIntosh, o'erwhelm'd with snuff and rage,
Like another Mrs. Partington, and pointing her umbrel'
At a document she carried, she addressed them with a yell:—
"Well, on my word, you take it cool, and yet to me 'tis plain—oh
That we've all of us been walking o'er a slumbering volcano"—
The ladies started at the news, for it seemed not *mucho bueno*.

With an indignant toss into their midst the thing she threw,
And though no object worse it proved than the *Medical Review*,
A cry arose, and, starting back as if a bomb had fallen,
The sisters rose and gazed awhile upon the sight appallin';
When up rose spinster McIntosh and sprang upon the table,
And, striking one grand attitude, thus added to the Babel:
"You talk of woman's influence!" she cried, "and here's a villain
Who says there isn't in the State nary woman worth a shillin'—
And so there aint if to submit to sech abuse you're willin'!

"This most owdacious libel here, on which I hereby trample,
Is of all printed varbiage the most ungracious sample;
Why, here's a precious Doctor Cole, who says—I can't say half
Of what he says, but what he means—Miss Smith, you needn't laugh—
Is that we're nary one of us no better than we *should* be,
And that the few of us that's good would be "cases" if we *could* be.
My goodness gracious! have I lived plain spinster here so long,
Of whom there's nobody don't know of nothin' that is wrong—
To have such slurs thrown out to *me*?—*I'll* make him change his song!

"We're 'young and inexperienced,' he tells us—'puppet-shows;'
A set of vain and giddy girls—'buds bursting into rose.'
And every two of three of us, be she widow, maid, or wife,
Are victims to the various ways of fashionable life.
I snum! if fashionable life's the sort o' one I lead!
If any mudsill'd change with me, I'd be much obliged, indeed!
And as for any nice young man—like *your* young man, Miss Jewett!—
A-tryin' to come games o'er me, I'd like to see him do it!
As sure as fingers ends in claws, I swon to man, he'd rue it!"

She rested, and a solemn hush came o'er the changing scene,
The tea a space remained untouch'd, the lights burned blue and green,
When 'mid the pause a voice arose and like flute-echoes fell
Upon the sense of those who heard, and, hearing, pondered well,
"Ladies," the gentle Mignonne said, "I hold no doubt can be
That in this pamphlet Doctor Cole hath wronged both you and me;
Nor only us, but thousands more from where dark ocean foams,
Who constitute the light and pride of California homes,
Whose husbands, brothers, make our laws and raise yon stately domes.

"For them we ply the busy loom and toil from morn till eve,
For them we darn and patch and sew—for them at midnight grieve,
And when from revels staggering home, with curses for our smiles,
How oft we soothe some tyrant's brow, and ease him with our wiles.
We go in strong on crinoline, but what we wear we earn,
And with our own fair hands make up; and, would his children learn,
From morn till night in dingy rooms we teach the young their task;
No gay and glittering moths are we in the Summer glow to bask,
And how we oft support him, too, let statisticians ask!

"Look well upon your gardens fair—your homesteads, trellis'd 'round
With creeping vines and fragrant shrubs; hear yonder silvery sound—
Perchance beneath the Gothic porch, a rose 'mid kindred roses,
A fragile form rocks to and fro, while in her lap reposes
The pledge of manhood's youthful prime and womanhood's young glow—
A tiny thing that seems itself a rosebud swathed in snow;
A low but careless song she sings while her busy task she plies,
Her neck is bent, but still there lurks a sparkle in her eyes,
For yonder noisy imps are her's, and their father homeward hies."

Much more she said, but 'twas enough to rouse their gathering ire,
A concentrated rush is made for the teapot on the fire:
Then cups are fill'd, and while they kneel this dreadful oath they swear,
"We'll vengeance take on this Doctor Cole, though we hunt him everywhere;
By this full flagon of Hyson strong, we'll make him eat his words,
Or give him up, cadaver, to be picked to bits by the birds!"
Then arm'd they there each one with broom, or what the house might spare,
And McIntosh leads on the host with a true Jean d'Arc-ish air,
And a broomstick poised by way of lance, and one umbrel' to spare.

As through the streets they march'd amain, with lantern to the 'fore,
And ensign that to petticoat a great resemblance bore,
The shivering Doctor heard the sounds of an approaching host,
And springing from bed, with a dreadful oath began to count the cost,
They come—the door like pasteboard yields, they grasp him by neck and heels,
And he shakes as they haul him to the air, whose nipping blasts he feels.
A washtub, big as the famous tun of Heidelberg, they bring,
Filled to the brim with boiling suds, and in their victim fling,
Who roars, kicks, strangles, drowns—and wakes to find he has been dream-ing!

* * *

"MERCANTILE AGENCIES;"

Or, The Japanese Spy-System in New York.

No. IV.

The Boston *Ledger*, from which we quoted last week, and the Boston *Atlas* and *Daily Bee*, from which we extract the two following articles, have spared us the trouble of continuing what we had to say on the subject of the Japanese Spy-System, as the conclusive manner in which they have treated it leaves nothing else to be said:—

[From the Boston Atlas and Daily Bee.]

Mercantile Agencies and the Credit System.

We give our most cordial endorsement to an article in the Boston *Herald* of Saturday upon Mercantile Agencies and the credit system. The views therein expressed are the same as we have often uttered, and we are pleased to see the decided iteration of them by the *Herald*. Not having any acquaintance with any person interested in any one of these agencies, nor ever having had any business with them, so that we never received either benefit or injury, our remarks can have no personal application or reference to any particular agency. For aught that we know, the Mercantile Agencies are managed as carefully and fairly as it is possible for such institutions to be managed, but it is with the system, the principle on which they are conducted, and the means employed by them that we find fault. It may be that some of our readers do not know what a Mercantile Agency, so called, is. It is this—an individual, or a company of individuals, open an office in one of the large cities, and profess to collect information in regard to the business, property, credit, and mercantile standing and capacity of persons in all parts of the country who do business with the merchants of the city. They keep books in which are entered the names of parties in distant localities, and in connexion with these names is a record of facts, or supposed facts, made up from a report made by some person who resides in the vicinity of the persons named.

The Agency employs some person in each place, from which they have reports, to do this work, and this subagent, usually a third-rate pettifogging lawyer, who cannot get legitimate business enough to keep him from starving, spies out all he can of the condition of his neighbors' affairs, and sends such a report as he pleases to the city agency. Of course all this is done in secret, the country spy and the city broker in information, being the only parties in possession of this record so made up, and great care is taken to prevent the business men of each place from knowing who it is among them that thus plays the part of a secret informer. From this record, kept at the city Mercantile Agency, this information is retailed to the business men of the city who choose to buy it, and they too are enjoined to keep dark as to where they obtained their information. This completes the circle, and gives one an idea what a Mercantile Agency is. To illustrate, Mr. A. is a Boston merchant. Mr. B. is a country merchant, and buys of Mr. A. and his city neighbors. Mr. C. is the secret spy of the city agency in the place where Mr. B. lives, and he reports to the city agency that "Mr. B. is sound, rich, has a bang-up credit," or "Mr. B. is doubtful, shaky, and likely to fail," just as the case may be, or as Mr. C. thinks it is, or chooses to report it. Mr. A. gets this report from the agency, pays for it, and when Mr. B. calls, treats him accordingly, either selling him enough to fail him, or discrediting him in the market altogether. Mr. B., the buyer, knows nothing, and can know nothing of this by-play, and transacts his business with this triple odds and secret service against him.

The first objection to this style of business, is that it is unsafe for all parties, because they are all in the single hands of the secret spy, Mr. C., and the whole thing turns on his knowledge, honesty, prejudices, and sinister purposes. He has it in his power to ruin the country merchant, to cheat the city creditor, to damage the Agency. And he is the only party who is safe in case of difficulty, because the city Agency dares not divulge his name, as that would ruin their business. The Mercantile Agency business then amounts to this, that it puts the business, reputation, credit, and pecuniary interests of business men into the hands of a paid set of irresponsible spies—and this is unsafe. It is the more unsafe on account of the kind of men who must be employed to do this secret work. They are in most cases lawyers, mousing fellows, who would jump at the chance of driving a man into insolvency that they may have a chance at the legal plunder—acting in the double capacity of Bedouin Arabs who poison the wells from which travellers drink, and of the vultures that come in to batten on the carcasses of the victims. Suppose a shrewd, unscrupulous man in the capacity of such an agent, and suppose him to have a grudge against any one of his neighbors. How easy for him to lay a train that shall explode at a proper time, destroying that neighbor's prosperity. This is a case that has often happened in the history of these agencies, and no power can prevent its happening so long as the Mercantile Agency system is thus managed.

Secondly, we object to this mercantile espionage because it is essentially mean in its character. Probably not one man in a million can be found, no manner how mean he may be, who would dare acknowledge himself the agent and informer for one of these agencies—he would be in peril in any decent community of receiving a coat of tar and feathers. If the credit system cannot be maintained, and business be conducted without a resort to such dark lantern and dangerous expedients, then it is high time indeed to inaugurate the new system, which we have publicly advocated, of the abolition of all laws for the collection of debt, and the reducing the credit system to the basis of personal honor and confidence. Thirdly, we object to the mercantile agencies, because they do not answer their avowed purpose. They are not reliable, frequently giving grossly false and unjust reports, both favorable and unfavorable, thereby causing the city merchant to give credit when he ought not to, or to refuse it when perfectly safe, both to the damage of himself and the injury and annoyance of his creditor. From the testimony of many of the best business men, we are inclined to believe that these secretly gathered and disbursed budgets of information do as much harm at least as they do good, and that creditors gain thereby no additional safety, while the perpetration of one act of injustice and wrong, such as have often been committed by these agents, is enough to outweigh all the incidental and occasional advantages derived by the parties consulting the agency.

These institutions may be better than we deem them to be—they may be a necessity, but we do not believe they are. If they are to continue, one change in their *modus operandi* ought to be made at once, and enforced by a legislative provision. The agency should be required to make known the names of its sub-agents and informers whenever requested to do so by any party interested. If one of these paid spies reports nothing but the truth, he ought neither to be afraid nor ashamed to avow his part in the business, and he should be compelled to do so. If he reports falsehoods, then he should be treated like every other lying libeller, and punished to the extent of the law. The information would be just as valuable, and in fact a great deal more so, if these agents were known to all parties, because it would be more reliable. The Legislature ought to pass a law, requiring every mercantile agency to disclose the names of its informers to any party reported by them, and to any party receiving information coming from these agents.

[From the same.]

Mercantile Agencies.

I commend your views, and those of the *Herald*, in relation to Mercantile Agencies, and your allusion to the laws for the collection of debts. Everything seems tending in this country to degrade rather than to elevate the mercantile character, and among these untoward influences none are more obvious than the mercantile agencies. I have no quarrel with persons in this matter; conscientious men doubtless are engaged in the business, but as to the business itself, it has little more dignity than Fouche's French police, and hardly as much apology for its existence. Moral integrity loses ground, and cunning takes the lead under such a system. It becomes almost a necessity for the man who has only uprightness of purpose, frugality of life, and circumspection and industry in business to depend upon, to represent a capital of another sort. If he cannot do it, and the agency record shows only the good qualities of his character, his chances of making a fair beginning in life are seriously damaged, while he who so manages as to get fair figures on the books takes the business and becomes "gilt-edged."

We have adopted from England one of her worst institutions—her system of banking and currency, and have extended it far more, relatively, than England herself. It renders failure in business a philosophical necessity, and in England this same mean system of espionage exists. In France, where the English system of banking has been unpopular since its grand explosion under the management of the celebrated John Law early in the last century, there is no such institution as our mercantile agency, and although our merchants and the English merchants throw severe losses, by failure, upon the French at times, bankruptcy in France is comparatively rare.

The espionage of this system is, therefore, not necessary to prevent bad debts, and it misleads as often as it leads to any good purpose. Besides, the debtor here is so much of a creditor, also, that all he knows of himself is but poor guessing. Take an example from the experience of 1857. A young man, frugal and industrious, had accumulated $10,000 to the credit of his stock account. He owed $20,000, his assets in debts receivable and merchandise were considered by himself and his friends to be safely worth $30,000. The contraction of bank loans and consequent curtailment of the currency from August to October, 1857, so crippled his debtors and depreciated his merchandise, that his assets fell to $15,000, or half their estimated value, and he was bankrupt $5,000. How could he have known this? In what manner he has settled his business I know not, and I am free to confess that I do not know what is equitable in such a case. The failure was from no imprudence or fault of his. If all the debts of the country could have been adjusted 1st January, 1858, on the basis of the appreciated value of money, the settlement would have been perfectly equitable; we should all then have paid and received about 50 to 67 cents on the dollar, and have all stood as we were before; but, as it turned out, the paying of $1 was paying, virtually, 33 to 50 cents beyond the contract, and there was a pretty general transfer of property from the debtors to the capitalists, making the rich richer, and the poor poorer, which is the tendency of our whole system, nowhere more obvious than in the secret proceedings of the Mercantile Agency, which helps the rich and unscrupulous, and obstructs the conscientious dealer who scorns the aid of false figures.

The true principle, and the only one that should be tolerated for a mercantile agency, is that of an absolute guarantee. They should possess sufficient capital, and then they could [illegible] their truth by something more substantial than [illegible] irresponsible, anonymous, [illegible] charge for, and take the responsibility of [illegible] be good debts. We shall then understand them, and [illegible] thing useful and legitimate in their business.

There is another mischievous effect in this agency business; the promulgation of a failure frequently embarrasses the dealer in his collections, when oftentimes a compromise of his affairs might prevent an extended notice of his failure. Especially is this the case with the city dealers in the interior distributing trade. It is surprising to see the contemptible shirking of the interior debtors in such case. Expecting his supplies to be cut off in that quarter, the debtor will use the money belonging to his unfortunate creditor, to pay others, and will even go to another city for his purchases. This argument was urged against the bankrupt list of the New York *Independent* furnished by these agencies, but the proprietor, I am told, could not see its force till he felt it. He manfully published his own failure, and soon found that the assets he had represented so strong and sufficient, were not there when most wanted; the *Independent* list was then suppressed, and there is the same reason for the suppression of the agencies themselves, through whose records the same crawls with equal certainty. Every petty little suit that can be trumped up from a disputed account, is spread through their books, to the manifest injury of many an honest man, but this belongs also to the subject of the collection laws, of which I have something to say in your columns at a future day.

A. B. C.

* * *

THE AUCTIONEER AND THE PAINTER IN COURT.

The old-fashioned style of mock auctions has been for some time past a poor business, and the numerous connections of the Funk family must either have retired to the solitudes of the fair Isle of Blackwell, starved to death, or, (save the mark!) turned honest; but fortune and high art have befriended some few of them. Art has made rapid strides in this country of late, and our journals and periodicals have been full of the doings of the chisel and the pencil; what, then, is more natural than that our country cousins should desire to carry home with them some bit of canvas made immortal by a Durand, a Huntington, or a Church, especially when they can buy it all in a magnificent gilt frame for less money than the frame itself seems worth? Mr. William J. Hays is an animal painter, and one of the best in his department; though but a young man yet, he has spent years in studying the habits of dogs, birds, and game of all kinds, till his pencil, like a magician's wand, from a few pigments can conjure up forms so lifelike, that want of actual motion seems the only unreality.

Mr. John Levison is a picture auctioneer, and taking a fancy to one of Mr. Hays's creations, of which the artist had published a lithograph, he has copies made in oil and sells them under the hammer for what they will bring. To this, Mr. Hays most naturally objects; in the first place, objects to have these daubs palmed off on the public as his productions, and also because it injures the sale of his lithograph. Objecting, he requests Mr. Levison to desist, who, in his turn, objects. Matters become serious. The law is delicately hinted at; but the auctioneer snaps his fingers in the law's face.

Matters come to a crisis. The law is called in on the 10th day of January, 1857; the struggle lasts two years; but at last, on the 17th of December, 1858, the struggle is over; the pencil has conquered the hammer, and the auctioneer is floored. "The defendant, John Levison, and his agents, servants and employees are perpetually enjoined from making, exhibiting, selling or otherwise disposing of any copy of the print of said complainant mentioned and described in his bill in this suit, the title of which is 'The Retriever,' or of any part or parts thereof;" he is furthermore to pay the said William J. Hays all the profits found to have been received by the said defendant, John Levison, from the sale of copies of the said print in violation of the complainant's copyright thereof, and also pay the costs in the suit. Thus decreed the Circuit Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York, and its decree is just.

Glancing over the evidence, we find one or two disclosures of humbug especially worthy of note. It appeared that the defendant had a shop in No. 30 Centre street, where he had persons employed manufacturing the pictures which formed the principal part of those exposed for sale and sold by him in his Broadway store; that it was his practice to exhibit but one picture of a kind at a time, and very soon after the one so exhibited was sold, he supplied the place with another. Truly a wholesale way of doing business, and Mr. Hays's brother artists owe him no small debt of gratitude for arresting this outrageous piracy, and also for establishing, for the first time, we believe, by a proper tribunal in this country, what an artist's true rights are in relation to the ownership of his productions. The principles established, we believe, are briefly these: the form which the artist limns upon the canvas, or, Pygmalion-like, works to life out of the rough stone, is the emanation of his mind, the embodiment of his thoughts, his creation, in the same manner as a book is the creation of the author, and as such, he has an inherent right to it as his property, and to all profits and emoluments arising from it; it is his in part or in whole, and he alone can alienate that right. He can dispose of it by agreement, or can lose it by neglect; the law protects him in the one, and points out a way by which he can protect himself in the other, through the copyright, a neglect to obtain which, within a certain time of the completion of his work, implies a surrender of his title to protection; the case is the same both with book or work of art. The form of obtaining a copyright is very simple. Within a certain time (we think the law reads six months) of the completion of his work, before he has disposed of or parted with his right in it, he must deposit in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in the District where he resides, a printed copy of the title of the work; and within three months thereafter cause a copy or *fac simile* of the work to be delivered to the librarian of the Smithsonian Institute, and another to the librarian of the Congressional Library, for the use of said libraries. He must also be a citizen of the United States. A photographic copy will answer. This done, it can neither be photographed, engraved, or in any way copied, in part or in whole, without his consent. We are under the impression that the same rule applies to sculpture, though we know of no decision having been made to that effect.—[illegible]

* * *

— A St. Petersburg journal has an article in which the public is informed of a great literary treasure now in the possession of the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. It contains nothing less than the archives of the Bastille. When the rich library stores of the Bastille were dispersed to the winds, a Russian, of the name of Dubrowsky, who was attached to the Russian embassy as translator, sacrificed his fortune in order to save these treasures. Dubrowsky, later, fell into poverty; but, for all that, did not part with his collection. He presented it, in 1805, to the Emperor Alexander, who rewarded him with a considerable donation, and a pension for life. The collection was kept in the Imperial Library, and only a few small and particularly valuable volumes were transmitted to the Emperor's private library in the Hermitage. The following are the contents of this valuable collection:—[illegible] chet; ordinances of the Ministers; letters of the Ministers to the officers of the Bastille; [illegible] reports of the police spies in reference to the prisoners; confiscated poems and prose works; [illegible] logs in prose, written in the Bastille; and, [illegible] the records of that formidable and hated prison.

— A new French journal is about to be [illegible] this city, under the title of [illegible] promises that its character will be [illegible].

— A second volume of [illegible]

[illegible] OF NEW YORK.

The collection of A. E. Cozans, like that of Mr. Sturges, [illegible] rich in the works of American artists. [illegible] are but few of the painters which this country has produced, who are not represented in these superb galleries. There are many collections of old paintings in this city that have cost more money than has been expended by these two liberal gentlemen, and there are individual pictures in them, the preposterous prices of which would purchase a splendid gallery of modern works; but while, in most instances, the ancient rubbish is ignominiously consigned to the garret, the modern ones are cherished and admired by all men who possess art-culture. We know a man, who some fifteen years ago, when this sort of thing was the fashion, paid for a lot of spurious trash, under the attractive name of "old masters," some twenty thousand dollars. His walls, which then vainly plead for honest admiration, are now elegantly plain with blank fresco and adorned with a few select, modern pictures, which do credit to his matured taste, and command admiration from all true lovers of Art. And he is not a solitary instance; he is but one of hundreds. His first lessons in art were given by the witty auctioneer; but, thanks to the present general diffusion of art-knowledge, his garret-full of smoked pigments would not now bring, under the wily hammer of his old instructor, the cost of their frames.

The appreciators of Leutze will find in this collection several of his earlier works, and among them one or two that are generally considered his best. "Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella" was painted at the dawning of his fame; and its exhibition at once placed him in the first rank of American figure painters. It is doubtful if he has done anything since so full of genuine merit. It is very brilliant, both in color and in composition.

The original of Jones's admirable engraving for the Art Union distribution, of the "Puritan and his Daughter," painted by Leutze, is also in this gallery. The engraving gives but a slight idea of its richness of color, and general effect. "Hester Prynne," "Little Pearl," "Mother and Child," and "Boy and Dog," all belonging to the department of portraiture, possess much interest as illustrating this artist's varied talents.

The original sketches of "Mercy's Dream," and "Christiana," by Huntington—small, but quite as beautiful as the larger paintings—are features in this collection. There are also, by the same artist, "The Sacred Lesson," "The Shepherd on the Campagna," "The Shrine," and some others.

One of the best known and most admired of Gray's works, the "Greek Lovers," is one of the gems of the collection. There are also a portrait by Stewart, which is a good example of this artist; Inman's best portrait, that of Bishop White, and a Rembrandtish picture by Wier—very picturesque in effect—of a family collected round a microscope, lighted by a lamp.

The "Fountain of Elvito," by Hicks; the "Italian Girl," by T. B. Johnson; the "Confidante," by Rossiter; "Devotion," by Sully; a "Holy Family," by Page; the "Setters," by Hinckley; and a beautiful head by Greene, called "Poverty," are all fine examples of these artists.

Leslie, whose works are rarely seen in New York, is represented by a fine picture called "Expectation." Mount has a small repetition of his picture of "Gambling Boys," and a later work, called "Bird Nesting." That widely known picture of Woodville, the "Tough Story," one of the best works of this class ever painted in America, is a leading attraction of this gallery.

In landscape, Cole is very prominent. The "Catskill Creek," is one of his finest productions. The "Roman Campagna," a late work, is superb in color and pictorial effect. It is remarkable for a fine sky. A small picture of a "Storm in the Mountains," is also one of his choicest works. Doughty has two small pictures, which are characteristic of his best period. One of the happiest of Durand's landscapes is conspicuous among works of this class. It is an upright, with splendidly painted trees, stumps, and rocks. There is a South American scene by Church, together with two charming pictures by Kensett, a view of Niagara Falls, and a sketch of the White Mountains, besides landscapes by Gifford, Cropsey, and others.

This gallery of Mr. Cozans is one of the best in this city. It has been collected with taste and discrimination, and is a very fair representation of the art of our day.

* * *

AMERICAN NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

An interesting meeting of this Society took place on Thursday evening, February 17th, a majority of the resident members being in attendance. The committee on Foreign Coins submitted a report on an exceedingly curious medal, struck by Cosmo III. of Florence in 1684, in honor of the celebrated physician, Francesco Redi. The report also embodied much information respecting the medallist, Max. Soldani. An animated discussion on the adoption of rules of order took place, and a motion circumscribing the power of electing honorary members was laid over till the meeting of February 24th. The Special Committee appointed to draw up a Numismatic Catalogue reported progress, and handed in numerous evidences of satisfactory advance.

The regular business having been disposed of, the Treasurer, Mr. Wm S. Frederick Mayers, addressed the President, begging leave to resign his office, on account of his approaching departure from this country for London. His resignation was accepted, and, on his nomination, Mr. Frank Jandon was elected to the vacancy. Mr. Norton, then rising, suggested that the services to Numismatics and to the Society which Mr. Mayers had rendered, led him to suggest that the compliment of Honorary Membership be paid him before leaving. Mr. Mayers was unanimously elected, and acknowledged the honor in a few fitting words.

Several donations were added to the Society's Cabinet, and the meeting then adjourned.

* * *

— The London *Times* having complained of the publishers of "Grace Dalrymple Elliott's Journal during the French Revolution" for not stating authoritatively whether it was fiction or history, Mr. Bentley replied by the following note:—

MRS. ELLIOTT'S NARRATIVE. *To the Editor of the Times:* Sir,—I am sure you will have pleasure in publishing in your journal, in justice to me, the following statement of facts in answer to the strictures contained in your review of Mrs. Elliott's *Journal*, which prove beyond all doubt the authenticity of the narrative, justly characterized by you as a most important and interesting work:—The original MS. was purchased for publication by me of Miss Bentinck, the granddaughter of Mrs. Elliott, through Mr. Levien, of the British Museum. Miss Bentinck had offered it to that national collection, but it was thought not to be of sufficient extent to be entertained. Miss Bentinck kindly sent me the miniature of Mrs. Elliott by Cosway, allowed me to have the picture of Lady Charles Bentinck (Mrs. Elliott's daughter), by Sir J. Reynolds, from Lord Cholmondeley's, in Carlton-terrace, for the purpose of engraving, and the miniature of the Duke of Orleans on a snuff-box, presented to Mrs. Elliott by that prince. It was better, I feel, that these facts should have been stated in an advertisement to the book and I owe you thanks that by the suggestion of a remote doubt you have given me this opportunity of establishing the authenticity of this MS., which remains in exactly the same state it was when written for His Majesty George III., and is published without addition whatever, or any other alteration than that of dividing into chapters and paragraphs. I am, sir, yours faithfully,

RICHARD BENTLEY.

New Burlington-street, Jan. 27.

* * *

The *Illustrated News* publishes the following letter as "the first ministerial recognition, South of the Tweed," of the genius of Robert Burns:—

TO THE COMMISSIONERS OF EXCISE, EDINBURGH.

Treasury Chambers, Aug. 18, 1833.

Gentlemen,—Having laid before the Lords Commissioners of H. M. Treasury your report of the 20th ultimo, recommending Robert Burns for superannuation, I am to acquaint you that, although it does not appear that Mr. Burns has any claim on account of good services to entitle him to any allowance beyond the ordinary, yet, taking into consideration the great literary talents of his father, and that he himself is labouring under pecuniary embarrassment, and is in ill state of health, my Lords are pleased, under the circumstances of the case, to authorize you to place him on the Superannuation List of your department, at the allowance of £120 per annum. I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

T. SPRING RICE.

And with this One Hundred and Twenty Pounds a-year "Bob, the poet's son," the child of his right hand and joy—very like his father in face, and a poet withal—retired to Dumfries and whiskey, and there died.

* * *

— The following characteristic item (evidently from the pen of Dr. [illegible]), appears in the last number of the London *Illustrated News*:—

Our American friends will like to hear that [illegible] to England a ripe scholar to complete his edition of Chaucer [illegible] Professor Child, of Harvard College, is to be in England next month. The Professor gave us a good edition of Spenser in 1855, and has recently printed eight volumes of old ballads and popular poetry. He will find English scholars ready to receive him with a friendly hand, and just as ready to assist his studies [illegible]

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WHAT IS THE REASON

[illegible]

UNITED STATES, as in EUROPE!

This remedy acts immediately on the part affected; it goes directly to the seat of the disease, and when its healing mission is complete, the body is left in the full glow of health, and free from the invariable costiveness which succeeds the use of drugs and patent medicine poisons. This heaven-sent benediction to the human race is the discovery of that

GREAT FRENCH CHEMIST, LEROUX.

After many years' study and research, he, by accident mainly, met with a certain essence which possesses extraordinary healing powers in ailments consequent on deranged digestive organs; this he compounded with the purest and most delicious brandy, and named it

THE CORDIAL COGNAC BITTERS.

These Bitters have an agreeable taste, as thousands in the States can now testify, using them rather as an ordinary drink than as a medicine. Their healing properties exert themselves within five minutes, and speedily eradicate the complaint. They are of infallible efficacy in all and every of the following diseases:

DIARRHŒA.
CHOLERA.
FEVERS.
AGUE.
COLIC.
BILIOUS ATTACKS.
BLUES.

Large consignments have been forwarded during the past year into the Western States, and their healing virtues were found to be triumphantly successful, in withstanding the ravages of Yellow Fever in the cities of

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH.

The Cholera Cordial Cognac Bitters may be obtained of the Sole Agent and Importer,

S. STEINFELD, No. 70 Nassau street, N. Y. City,

both wholesale and Retail. Also, of all respectable Druggists throughout the States.

NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT THEM!

SYRACUSE, Nov. 14, 1858.

DEAR PERKINS: You are aware I have been for a long time severely afflicted with a deranged stomach, and have received no benefit from the counsel of my doctors, or the use of various quack medicines. By your advice, I brought home with me a bottle of STEINFELD'S COGNAC BITTERS, and in consequence of its operating so charmingly upon my digestive organs, I am anxious to have more of it at once. Won't you step into No. 70 Nassau st., and direct the agent to pack up five or six bottles securely, and send at once by American Express? Let the bill follow to pay on receipt. If the agent has any objection to do so, you will be kind enough to pay, and draw on me for the amount.

If he sells cheaper by the dozen, see that I have the benefit of it. Yours truly, M. BALLARD.

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SOLE AGENT FOR M. LEROUX'S COGNAC BITTERS.

INSURANCE.

PACIFIC
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
Office, 111 Broadway.
MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE.
Assets, $880,000.

This Company continues to do an exclusive merchandise business, and has returned to its dealers, out of the profits of the year 1858, a dividend of *Forty-three per Cent.*—*Six per Cent.* interest on the outstanding scrip—and has redeemed the Certificates of the issue of 1856.

ALFRED EDWARDS, President.
WILLIAM LECONEY, Vice President.
BENJAMIN A. ONDERDONK, Secretary.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND OF PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since	- -	1853;
38 " " "	- -	1848.
39½ " " "	- -	1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,090 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	—$1,395,622 21

This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

FIRE INSURANCE.

THE NORTH AMERICAN
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
INCORPORATED 1823.
OFFICE, NO. 6 WALL STREET, OPPOSITE NEW ST.
ASSETS, DECEMBER 1, 1858:
Cash Capital, $250,000; Surplus, $72,884 29; Total, $322,884 29.

Insure on Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, and other Personal Property, against loss or damage by Fire, at current rates.

DIRECTORS.

James W. Otis,	Daniel B. Fearing,	Andrew Foster,
Thomas Tileston,	Charles Williams,	Wyllis Blackstone,
R. M. Blatchford,	Wm. Whitewright,	Josiah Lane,
Caleb Swan,	Cornelius McCoon,	Wm. S. Wetmore,
Thomas W. Gale,	Daniel B. Keeler,	Joshua J. Henry,
Drake Mills,	Acton Civill,	John Auchincloss,
Oliver S. Carter,		William Barton.

JAMES W. OTIS, President.
R. W. BLEECKER, Secretary.

JANUARY, 1859.

Continental Insurance Comp'y,
CITY OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.

STOCK CAPITAL (all paid in, and securely invested), $500,000; Assets, Jan. 1, 1859, $835,287 59; Liabilities, $16,765 71.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Leases, and other Insurable Property, at the rates charged by other solvent institutions.

Three-fourths of the net profits of the business of this Company, are divided annually to holders of its policies, in Scrip bearing interest, and such profits carefully invested for the additional security of the insured, until the fund thus accumulated shall have reached the sum of $500,000, making the Cash guarantee of the Company $1,000,000; and thereafter, the Scrip will be redeemed as rapidly and to the extent that the profits accruing to the policy holders, exceed the sum of $500,000.

First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared July 9th, 1857, 33 1-3 per cent.; Second do., declared July 8th, 1858, 50 per cent.; Third do., will be declared July, 1859.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Sec'y.

THE HUMAN HAIR.

How many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament, by burning it with *Alcoholic washes*, and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin, and is not absorbed. *Burnett's Cocoaine*, a compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, etc., is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair, is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off, and promoting its healthy growth.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, etc., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without an equal.

It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes the healthy and vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.

PRICE, 50 CENTS FOR A HALF PINT BOTTLE.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

TESTIMONIALS.

BOSTON, July 19, 1857.

Messrs. J. Burnett & Co.: I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect, in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil (*Cocoaine*).

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contain camphene spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others, similarly afflicted, will be induced to try the same remedy.

Yours, very truly,
SUSAN R. POPE.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World*.

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